THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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FAIRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EDITH BOUTILER.

In the depths of an ancient forest green,
When under the spell of night,
When earth is sprinkled with dewy sheen,
Wonderful things are heard and seen,
Heard where the woodland shadows lean,
Flecked by the pale moonlight.

For under the maple branches tall,
Girt by a magic ring,
There falls a mystical waterfall,
And there from fairy bower and hall,
The elves and fays of the midnight call,
From the heart of the flowers spring.

And the stars shine o'er the waters clear,
Part in a blaze of light,
And from the centre of each appear
Wonderful forms, that drawing near,
Dazzle the eye, and delight the ear,
In their shining earthward flight.

And round and round the magic belt,
And o'er the waters riding,
In mimic war with thistles pelt,
And fairy spears are lightly felt,
Fashioned from blades of grass, and dealt
By oafs in cobwebs hiding.

And elf and sprite from out the foam
At the loud summons leave
Their coral caves and crystal home;
And captive imp, and prisoned gnome,
Forth from their rock-bound caverns roam,
This fair midsummer eve.

Until the first white dawn of day
When night's brief reign is o'er;
Then every star-eyed elf and fay,
Foam-spirit, imp, and goblin gray,
In wave, star, flower, hides away,
Invisible once more.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

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PART THIRD.

CHAPTER II.

Now, by the shade of Hessie, you have chosen
A fitting spot for such an ominous deed.
Come, Midnight, hide our presence with thy pall,
And make Life mute as Death!

It was about eleven o'clock at night, on the 21st of September, 1780, when General Benedict Arnold mounted his horse at the White House, the residence of Mr. Joshua Smith, to ride down to the foot of Long Clove, where he had at last arranged to give Major André a meeting. It was a dark but calm and beautiful night, the stars shining with even unusual brilliancy; and the General, attended by a negro servant, rode as composedly along, as if he were going simply on a common journey, and not to one of those momentous interviews which affect for good or ill the destiny of great nations. That Arnold's spirit was as composed as his manner, we should not feel at liberty to say. The risk was too great, the stake at issue too important, to render such a state of inward quiet probable. But he was a man of iron nerves, and had fully determined to brave the peril, and stand the hazard of the die. With such a man—one who was emphatically a man of action—a state of composure in the midst of the most desperate enterprises is possible, which men of a more thoughtful and intellectual cast, can never hope to attain.

And so Arnold rode deliberately on through the night, along the river road, and over the rugged hills, and through the deep valleys and ravines which lined the lonely Hudson, until he came near the appointed rendezvous at the foot of Long Clove mountain. Leaving his horse here in the road with the servant, with directions to await his return, he made his way to the bank of the river, at the spot where he judged the coming boat would land. Before long, gazing intently through the close shelter of a thicket towards the middle of the river, he discerned through the dark a still darker object approaching—though with very little noise, for the oars had been discreetly muffled—and retired at once to the concealment of a group of fir trees.

As the bow of the boat grated against the bank, two gentlemen sprang out. As the latter of the two leaped on the shore, he stumbled over a stone or a root, not visible in the darkness.

"A bad omen that, Mr. Anderson," said the first.

"Oh no, Mr. Smith—it means that I shall soon regain possession of my property," replied the second lightly.

"I think you will find the General in the shadow of those firs," said Mr. Smith in a whisper. "Shall I attend you?"

"Thank you—but there is not the least occasion for it," replied the other, in the same cautious tone, walking forward.

When he reached the firs—which were not more than forty or fifty yards distant, though barely visible in the obscurity of the night—he beheld [illegible] a dark portion of the shade. Advancing towards it, he uttered but one word in a questioning tone,—

"Anderson?"

"I am he. You are Major André."

"General, I am very happy to make your acquaintance. It has taken us a good while to get together."

"Yes. I could not come on board the Vulture; it would excite suspicion."

"We are not watched now, I hope?"

"No. We are perfectly safe."

"I have no objection to taking a fair risk; but there are some risks I do not choose to take."

"I am taking every risk," replied Arnold, with some bitterness in his voice.

"We are ready to repay you for it."

"I care not mainly for that," was the reply. Was Arnold in earnest, or was this the opiate plea which he administered to an unquiet conscience? "I wish to be fully assured that the Colonies, if conquered, shall have all their just rights."

"I am fully authorized to assure you that they shall. Why, we have been offering these assurances openly for the last year."

"Everything but Independence?"

"Everything but Independence."

"And a full pardon to all who, even at the last moment, shall submit?"

"A full pardon—even to Washington himself."

"Then with what do you propose to repay me for my risk and my services in this matter?"

"What do you propose to do?" asked André.

"To deliver up West Point, with its garrison, and its munitions of war, and its large store of supplies. In other words, to throw that mighty Fortress into your side of the scales, and determine at one blow, even without a blow, the whole contest."

"Without a blow?"

"Yes; I can so arrange my forces, that you shall be able to reach with a picked corps, a point which commands Fort Putnam, which is the key of our works. Once there you will be as completely master, as Burgoyne was when he reached the top of Sugar Hill at Ticonderoga. One ravine left unguarded, or too slightly guarded, and West Point is yours."

"But is there not a heavy chain or boom across the river? Our friends tell us so. How are we to pass that?"

"I have sent one of the heavy links to be repaired. The chain is now merely tied together, and will yield to the slightest shock."

"You said, if I understand you, General, that we could take the Fort without loss of life?"

"With little—or perhaps none. I will not expose the lives of my soldiers. Besides, I mean this thing to be kept quiet; so that while my generalship may be called in question, none shall doubt my good faith. This is necessary to the after workings of my scheme."

"How do you propose to follow up the surrender?"

"Sir Henry Clinton must immediately issue a proclamation, offering the most liberal terms—such as you just mentioned—to the Colonies, if they will lay down their arms; and a free pardon to all who will embrace those terms. I will immediately accept them, and persuade as many other officers as I can to join me in so doing."

"Are any other officers concerned with you in this proposed West Point transfer?"

"Not one. It would be dangerous even to entrust another with the secret. But, if things go as I have planned, I believe there are many that will soon join me, especially if I can offer them some ready money. Hundreds of them are without a dollar, even a worthless paper dollar, in their hungry purses—and the wives and children of many are suffering for the common necessaries of life. It is time the whole ridiculous nonsense was exploded."

"We should like to capture Washington also," said André, in a still more cautious tone than that in which the conversation had so far been held.

"No. I will not do it. He has always been a good friend to me—in spite of that cursed Congress."

"We mean him no harm," replied André. "We mean only to decide the war, at once and forever."

"I will not hear to it. I will not see a hair of his head injured," said Arnold peremptorily.

"So far from injuring a hair of his head, I am convinced that it would rest entirely with himself whether a Viceroy's coronet should not repose there. We do not mean to do things by halves, General, if we are triumphant. We shall never give those Frenchmen another opportunity."

Curious heart of man! Arnold had revolted from arranging to deliver up his Commander and his friend; and now the hint of André's that Washington might be Viceroy if he pleased, only made him more determined that it should not be done. For if Washington were not made Viceroy, whose claims would be superior to his own?

"No," said he; "I will not agree to it. Whatever else I may be, no man shall say that I am ungrateful. I owe no gratitude to Congress—it and my country owe me gratitude. But to Washington I owe a debt that I shall never repay with what he would consider the grossest perfidy."

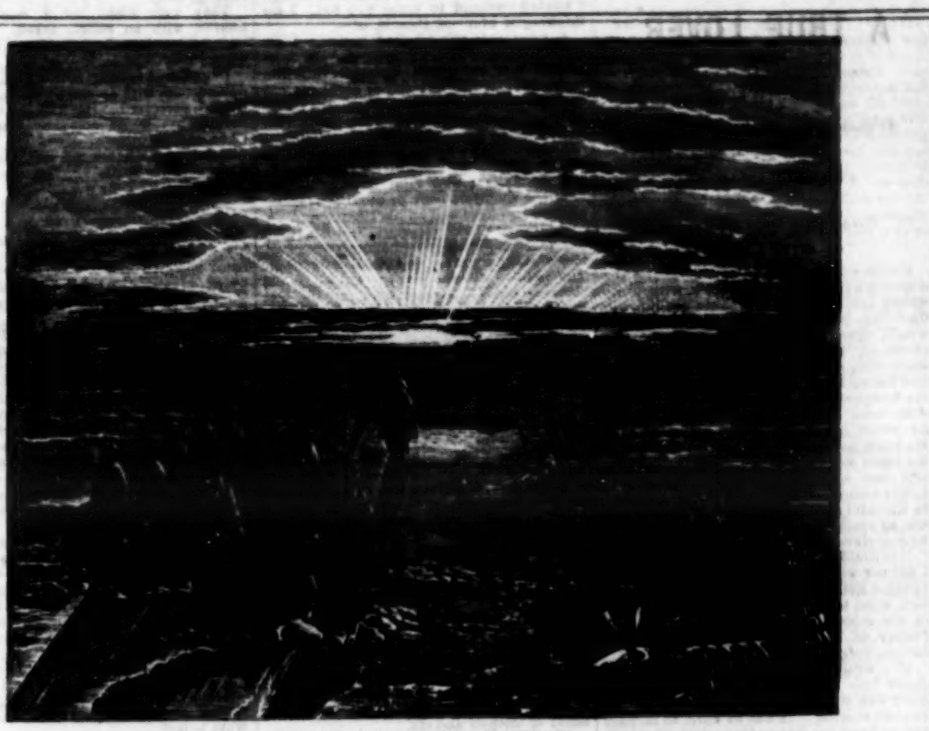
"Of course, General, you must judge for yourself in such a matter," said André courteously. "I am merely suggesting these things as a British officer, not as a private gentleman."

"And, for all this, what shall be my reward?" asked Arnold. "I mean to restore a Continent to England—what does she mean to give me in return?"

"Your greatest reward, General, you must find in the approbation of your own conscience," replied André; "in the proud consciousness that you have laid the wrathful and destructive demon of war, brought peace and prosperity to thousands of distracted homes, restored concord between quarrelling kindred, and reunited a mighty Empire, the bulwark of the Protestant Faith. No more money can pay you for such a service."

"Very true. But a little money nevertheless would be very acceptable to me, as it is apt to be even to British generals and officers."

"Undoubtedly," replied André. "And England is always generous to those who serve her. [illegible] I should like to serve a mistress of that kind, as a change. Congress is a mean enough master, God knows."



TRACK ACROSS THE PAMPAS.

We give this week a picture of a party of travellers crossing one of those vast and desolate plains known as the Pampas, in the Southern part of Buenos Ayres, in South America. This sketch will have, we think, a peculiar attraction for our readers, as we confess it has for us. The broad desert stretching out in its loneliness on all sides, the isolated group of travellers, cloaked and booted for their long journey, clad in the picturesque costume of the South American gauchos, the skeletons of the poor animals who have perished in their weary marches, stretching in a sinuous line across the sands; and over all the effective light of the setting sun,—these several features combine to form a picture which impresses one with its wild and adventurous nature.

"I suppose they are poor men, and pay poorly," said André.

"They are mean men, and pay meanly," replied Arnold with bitterness.

"To—hoo—oo—oo—oo—" quavered an owl from the branches of one of the firs, as if in delight, or mockery, it was hard to say which.

André started at first, but then gave a low laugh. "It is the bird of wisdom," said he, "come to assist at our conference."

"Wisdom! the wisdom which looks wise as Solomon, but all the time only means mice. We've plenty of those solemn owls among us, especially in Congress, Major. But to come back to business. What may I expect? You know as well as I do what my risk is. If I am discovered, and fail, a rope from a branch like that"—pointing to one just above them; "and curses and maledictions, perhaps forever. That is even worse than the rope to a man as ambitious as I am. I will not run this terrible risk for nothing. I mean to be paid well—or give up the whole affair."

"To-hoo-oo-oo-oo," again hooted the owl derisively, now amid the branches of an adjacent tree.

"D—n that infernal bird!" exclaimed Arnold, in a suppressed voice, and feeling about with his foot for a loose stone.

"What would you consider fair payment, General?" questioned André.

"Fifty Thousand pounds, and the same rank in the British army that I now hold in our own."

"I cannot do it. I was instructed to offer you Twenty-Five Thousand. The equality of rank we would agree to."

"Then we might as well separate. I will not take Twenty-Five Thousand," rejoined Arnold.

André was about to reply, when he saw through the darkness a form coming towards them. It was Mr. Smith.

"Gentlemen," said he, "had you not better adjourn to my house, and finish your conference there? The men are tired and sleepy, and my ague is coming on with this chilly dampness."

"No; I must go back to the Vulture to-night," replied André, firmly.

"I do not see how you can do that," replied Smith. "The men are tired—you know the boat is a very large and heavy one. Besides, they say the Vulture is to be cannonaded at daybreak—"

"How is that?" said André quickly, turning to Arnold.

"It's only some of Livingston's cursed folly. He applied to me for two of my heavy guns, but I did not choose to strip the Fort; and so he intends blazing away, it seems, with his four-pounder."

"The men will have plenty of time to go and return before the cannonade," said André; "besides they have their passes."

"I have urged all that upon them," rejoined Smith; "but they obstinately refuse to go."

"I think, Mr. Anderson," urged Arnold, "that, on the whole, the better plan will be to ride over to Mr. Smith's. If you do not, we may require a second meeting to arrange those affairs, and I do not see that it will be possible for me to give you another."

"When would I return?" said André, seeing the force of Arnold's plea, and unwilling to let so important a negotiation fall to the ground.

"You could return to-morrow night," replied Arnold. "If the Vulture is forced to shift her position, the boatmen would have farther to row you, that would be all—and, depend on it, my passes would take you to Dobb's Ferry."

"I suppose it is the best we can do," consented André dubiously.

"Of course it is," replied Arnold. "Mr. Smith, you can return home in the boat; Mr. Anderson will accompany me on the horse my servant rode."

As Mr. Smith hurried away, evidently very glad to escape any further detention, Arnold said, "Even if you accepted my offer, I see not how I could explain the defences of our works to you here in this confounded darkness. At Mr. Smith's I have all our engineer's plans—and it would be very important that whoever leads the attacking force, should understand the details thoroughly."

"I suppose what must be must be," replied André good humoredly. "How far off is this house of Mr. Smith's?"

"Oh, not so very far. Come this way, I have a couple of horses that will take us there in a twinkling."

Arrived at the spot where the horses had been left, they mounted, Arnold giving the negro a five-dollar note, "to buy a dram with," to comfort him for having to walk home.

"I never carry anything less than five dollar notes in my pocket," said Arnold, laughing sardonically. "You can't buy even a glass of grog for less than that, with this cursed shin-bone currency."

André made no reply. Their road lay through the woods, which made the night seem darker than before, and it required some care to ride safely.

"To-hoo-oo-oo-oo."

"D—n that owl,—if it is not following us!" exclaimed Arnold. "If it were not for the noise, I'd send a pistol bullet at it."

"To-hoo-oo-oo-oo."

"It is not very pleasant music to ride by, but I suppose we must submit to it," said André good-humoredly.

They had ridden several miles, and André was beginning to wonder why they did not reach Mr. Smith's abode, when suddenly he found himself in the midst of a little hamlet, and then the hoarse "who goes there?" of a sentinel broke upon his ear.

André's first thought was, "I am betrayed," and his heart sunk within him; but Arnold's immediate reply "Friends," and his utterance of the countersign, "Congress," as he rode on without stopping, reassured him. Then, the immediate danger over, he grew very indignant. As soon as it was prudent to speak, he rode up to Arnold's side.

"Did you not understand me, General, that I would not go within your lines? That was my express stipulation with you."

"You have your uniform on, under that surtout, have you not?" replied Arnold sternly.

"Of course I have; and this is my usual watch-coat."

"Then what does it matter? You are just as safe within our lines as outside. They could not do more than make a prisoner of you, and they would do that as soon at Long Clove as here."

"There is more danger here though."

"I did not suppose a British soldier cared for a little danger, more or less," scoffed Arnold.

"Neither do I. But I have a point of delicacy in my share of this business, and that constrained me to insist that the negotiation should take place outside of your lines."

"If you had so much delicacy of feeling, you should have kept out of the business altogether," exclaimed Arnold savagely. "To me such boyish scruples seem nonsense, in view of what you are asking me to do for the King and the Empire."

There was great force in what Arnold said, as André could but own. His position was delicacy itself compared to Arnold's. So much so that it even seemed insulting to dwell upon the subject. But yet the affair left an uneasy feeling in his mind. It was evident that he was dealing with a man naturally and boldly unscrupulous; and therefore who might deceive one side as well as the other.

As André rode on silently, thinking of all this, he felt the importance of obtaining some security in Arnold's handwriting that might hold him to his word. Everything so far, of a direct character, was in a disguised hand, and under his assumed name. Else the British forces might find West Point only a decoy, and themselves with a strong Fortress in their front, and the whole Continental army in their rear. If they were tricked, they should at least be able to show that they had acted upon reasonable assurances of good faith.

A traitor's mere word, it was evident, could not be wholly relied upon. If it could, he would not be a traitor. Even treason to a bad cause, seemed to involve this conclusion. See, Arnold had broken faith with him at the very start. It was a small matter, some might say, but where a single acorn falls there is an oak. André, as he reflected thus, grew fearful—not so much for himself, as for the army and the royal cause.

"Major," said Arnold, after a time, and in a frank and friendly tone, "I am sorry for what has happened. In fact, I forgot all about that outpost being at Haverstraw, until we had allowed Smith to leave us, and it was too late to reconsider our determination. I am myself as rash as—as I am cautious; but in your place, would think it safer to hold our conference in the privacy of a house, than in such an exposed spot as that we met in. Why, what with the midnight and the darkness, and the river plainings, and that accursed owl, it seemed just like a haunt of conspirators."

"Perhaps you are right," returned André a little coldly. "But how much farther have we to ride?"

"We are almost there. You will see the white walls even through this darkness before many minutes. Ah, here we are!" And, turning into a little inclosure, Arnold pulled up at the door of a medium-sized house, evidently belonging to a gentleman of considerable means and pretensions.

Dismounting, they walked into a well-lighted room, being greeted only by a negro servant, the master of the house not having yet arrived, and his family all being absent on a visit adroitly planned for this occasion.

"Take a glass of wine, Mr. Anderson!" said Arnold, walking up to the sideboard, and pouring out a glass from one of the decanters which stood there. "It will warm you up a little. The Hudson is a grand river, but I should like it better if it were not so good a place for agues. Poor Smith—did you see how he was shaking?"

André took the wine, and then Arnold swallowed three or four glasses in rapid succession. It needed something powerful to brace up his iron nerves. "Now, if Mr. Smith's cook will dish us up something smoking for breakfast, we can go up stairs, and finish our conference."

Talking upon indifferent subjects, they awaited their host's arrival. When he came, they all sat down and partook of breakfast, and, that over, it being broad daylight by this time, Arnold and André retired to one of the upper chambers, where they could plot and plan unseen and undisturbed.

CHAPTER III.

"We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose."—Wallenstein.

Before sitting down to breakfast, as mentioned in our last chapter, the noise of the cannonade opened upon the Vulture, had broken upon the ears of the party at the White House, as Mr. Smith's residence was usually called. And from one of the windows of the second-story room in which Arnold and André were now seated, they had watched the progress of the cannonade, until they saw the Vulture weigh her anchor, and sail down the river out of the reach of her enemy's fire. Then they had seated themselves before a table covered with drawings and papers, and resumed their conference at the point where they had been interrupted at Long Clove.

"General," said André, "the terms you mentioned are inadmissible. I will give you at once the limit of my powers—and these you must accept or reject, as you think best. I am authorized to offer you at the highest, Thirty Thousand Pounds, payable within ten days after the surrender of the Fortress. This is the very best I am authorized to do."

There was sincerity in every lineament of André's face as he spoke; and Arnold, though grown habitually distrustful—perhaps he had always been so—knew at once that what he said was the exact truth.

"I will accept your offer, Major—though the sum is, in my opinion, just Fifteen Thousand Pounds too small. It being understood of course, that I accept simply because you are not authorized to go higher; and reserve my right to petition the King for the additional sum, to be granted or not, at his good pleasure."

"I can see no objection to that," replied André.

"As life is uncertain, Major, and men's memories treacherous, you would oblige me by giving me that promise in writing," continued Arnold.

"I would willingly do so, but it would be rather a dangerous document to have about you, General—especially if they should suspect and search you."

"I shall be satisfied with an indirect voucher, in your own natural hand," said Arnold, handing him a pen and a sheet of paper. "Write as I dictate:—

'I promise to pay for the Robinson estate, if restored, Thirty Thousand pounds sterling. Mr. Gustavus to have the same Agency as heretofore.'"

"It is written," said André with a smile. "Now how shall I sign it?"

"Sign it 'John Anderson, Agent'."

"It will do," said Arnold, also smiling. "It is not a first-class voucher, but it is the best I can trust my pocket and neck with."

"Now," continued Arnold, "as we have that little matter settled, let me instruct you fully in my plans. Here is Duportail's plans of all the forts—he is a Frenchman, but a capital engineer, you must admit. You see this dot at Fort Putnam—that is a breach through which a section could march abreast; it is closed just now with a few loose boards. Here is the place you land—and here your path. Once at this spot in strength, and Fort Putnam is yours—that taken, all is taken. You will have no difficulty in finding guides, I suppose?"

"Not the least—we have scores of refugees in New York from this region; and they are more earnest, and far more bitter in their loyalty, than even the royal troops themselves."

"And here," added Arnold, "are six important papers—'Estimates of our forces,' 'Remarks on the Works,' 'Major Bauman's account of the ordnance on the different forts, batteries,' &c.—nearly all in my handwriting, you see. You might take a summary of these, detailed as so many barrels of sugar, with remarks on the condition of the merchandize, which would refresh your memory when referred to."

"I think I had better take the papers themselves," said André. This was the opportunity he had been waiting for—something in Arnold's own writing that would hold him, as much as anything could, to his bargain.

"If these were discovered on you they would betray all," replied Arnold.

"I must risk that. There is little danger between here and the river; and on the river I shall hold them in my hand, tied up with a stone, so that I can sink them at once if necessary."

"We have had good luck so far, but I am afraid this is tempting Providence," rejoined Arnold, who, like most men, good or bad, evidently considered the success of his schemes a sure sign that Providence had favored them.

"This one risk we must run!" exclaimed André in a resolute tone. "As you said, a little danger, more or less, is not of much consequence."

"Well, be it so!" replied Arnold, gloomily. Was it that he really feared the danger, or realized that a withdrawal from his treason was no longer possible to him?

"And now," said André, "let me go carefully over all these plans. I shall probably lead the attack myself, and am anxious not only that it should succeed, but that, if possible, not a single life should be sacrificed."

We need not repeat the numerous questions and answers which ensued, before the British officer felt himself completely master of the details of the proposed movement. The very guns and other signals to announce the British progress were agreed upon. When within three miles of the place, two British officers in American uniforms were to ride up at full gallop to Arnold's headquarters, receive his final words, and hasten back to the English commander. Never perhaps was a treasonable plot more ably elaborated. But "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera!"

CHAPTER IV.

I carry with me England and her fortunes—
Give me, you saints, a safe delivery!

It was all arranged; and Arnold had gathered up his charts and plans, and taken his departure. At his earnest solicitation, André had secreted the six important papers which he had resolved to keep as a guarantee of the traitor's good-faith, placing them between the soles of his feet and his stockings. And now the British officer, somewhat fatigued from the want of sleep on the previous night, awaited the coming of the darkness to be conveyed back to the Vulture.

He passed a miserable day, as may be supposed. There he was, in the enemy's time, liable at any moment to capture. Through his chamber window he could see the Vulture, which had resumed her former position. The vessel was lying between three and four miles off, down the wide river, almost at this place a bay in its magnitude, evidently awaiting his coming. Oh that he had the wings of a bird, that he could fly on board, and be once more in safety!

About the middle of the afternoon, his host appeared, and disquieted him still further. Mr. Smith alleged that it would be impossible to get him back the same way he had come. The boatmen had been frightened by the cannonade, and obstinately refused to go. He himself was suffering from an ague brought on by the last night's exposure, and it would be as much as his life was worth to venture again on the water. And to these were added the other excuses, reasonable and unreasonable, which a weak man who has obstinately made up his mind not to do a certain thing, always has on hand.

André was indignant—he demanded to see the boatmen himself; but they had gone off somewhere—at least Smith so alleged. He was in fact at the mercy of that gentleman, and must do as he said, or get back the best way he could without him.

"Well," said André at length bitterly, "what do you propose, Mr. Smith?"

"To cross the river at the Ferry this evening, and go by land," replied that gentleman complacently.

"What! in this dress?" exclaimed André, glancing at his British uniform. "I should be arrested at the Ferry, as certainly as I reached there."

"I have provided for all that," replied his host. "The General gave me a pass both for myself and Mr. John Anderson to White Plains, and I have in the closet here a coat and hat which will fit you famously."

"Do you know what a risk I should expose myself to by assuming that disguise?" questioned André sternly.

"Oh, there is no danger, Mr. Anderson—not a particle. If you meet the Americans, you have General Arnold's pass;—if you meet the British, all they can do is to take you where you want to go. I am not a soldier, as you are—and doubtless a brave one—but even I should not be afraid to take a little risk like that."

"I will not do it!" said André resolutely.

"What will you do then, Captain?" asked Smith, venturing a guess at the rank of his guest; for André's uniform did not denote his precise rank. "I promised the General that I would see you safely back; but of course that depended upon your following my instructions. If you will not do what I wish you to, of course my door is open, and you can take any other course you prefer. Only do not hold me responsible for the consequences."

Smith evidently did not know to whom he was talking—evidently had no idea of the importance of the business his visitor was on. Arnold, it was clear, had not taken him into his confidence. If Arnold had not, it would not do for him, André, to do it. And yet how could he overrule him, and bring him to his senses, without exposing more than Arnold, who knew him, evidently thought safe. Never was man more puzzled.

If he assumed the disguise, he was acting in the very face of his General's instructions—exposing himself in case of capture to the most fearful and dangerous suspicions—putting himself, even if not captured, in a false position, from which his inmost soul recoiled.

But, on the other hand, if he refused to act in accordance with his host's counsel, what should he do? In his uniform, he could not stir out of his room in the daytime without danger—and where, in the night, could he find a boat to put him on board the Vulture? Debating these things in his mind, he walked up and down the room in a turmoil of indecision and indignation.

His host awaited his decision with ill-concealed impatience. At last he said—"You do not seem to be aware, Captain, that while you remain in that uniform, you are not only in constant danger of bringing yourself into trouble, but also of compromising me. Suppose a party of Lee's dragoons should ride up and discover you—do you think they would let me go scot-free?"

"You might have a little trouble, but General Arnold would see you through harmless."

"General Arnold, I reckon, wouldn't thank you or me for stirring up this matter."

"I can see no good reason why you should not put me on board the Vulture this evening, as originally planned," rejoined André.

Smith made a gesture of impatience. "Well, I will tell you," said he. "The men will not go. They went the first time, as I did, because we were willing to put ourselves into a little danger, to oblige Colonel Robinson, who you know used to be a great man in these parts. But when they found that it was not the Colonel after all, but you, a perfect stranger, they thought they had been a little tricked. Now there is more danger than then, since that four-pounder is down there; and they know that any boat that did not show a flag, especially in the night, would be fired at just as soon as seen. 'If the General wants you put on board,' they say, 'let him send his own barge, with a flag, and put you there.' Now, what answer can I make to all this?"

"I am not in the habit of giving reasons to my men for what I order them to do," replied André haughtily.

"Yes, yes—that will do very well in the army," rejoined Smith. "But these men, though tenants of mine, have a will of their own. If it were not that they hate the war, and wish it were all over, one way or the other—they don't care much which—they would not have gone in the first place."

"If you'll find me a skiff, I'll put myself on board."

"I would not know where to go to find one. The river guards appropriated every one of them long ago."

There seemed nothing else to do than to act in accordance with his host's suggestion. "I suppose I must do as you think best," at last said André, "but it is the most despicable thing that I ever was forced to do in the whole course of my life—and I would not do it now, were not the safety of others involved with my own."

"You take it too seriously, Captain," returned Smith lightly. "One red coat is just as good as another—and better too in this case."

So saying he opened the closet, and produced a coat of a dark crimson, garnished with gold lace—a usual dress for a gentleman at that period—but somewhat faded and threadbare from use. A well-worn beaver hat also was brought forth. André took them and substituted these for his military coat and hat; the remainder of his dress, nankin waistcoat and small clothes, with handsome white-topped boots, was allowed to go unaltered. Then, putting over all his well-worn watch-coat, with its heavy cape, and buttoning it closely about his neck, to conceal as it were even from himself his hateful disguise, he announced that he was ready.

It took a little time to get the horses saddled, so that it was almost twilight before they set out, being accompanied by a negro servant. They crossed King's Ferry about twilight, Smith stopping to chat and drink with the American officers on the other or Eastern side of the river, while André and the servant rode slowly onward.

Between eight and nine o'clock they came across an American patrol, under Captain Boyd, who demanded their errand. Smith showed their passes, and declared aside to the Captain, that they were on their way to obtain intelligence for Arnold.

Boyd said that the road before them was infested with Cow-boys, as the predatory bands of tories on the neutral ground between the two armies were called, and that it would be madness to go further that night.

André would have passed on—but Smith thought it safer or less suspicious to take Captain Boyd's advice, so they sought the dwelling of a neighboring Scotchman, who cheerfully offered to give them a night's lodging. So far they had come safely.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

US.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE M. VICKERS.

Darling Lizzy, always busy
Flitting through the house;
How I'd miss her loving kiss,
Bless the little mouse!
All day long with happy song
Singing care away,
She beguiles the time with smiles—
Lizzie's ever gay.

Breathing lusty, worn and dusty—
Home at eve once more—
Sweet words greet and two lips meet
Whiskers at the door;
After tea she sits with me
Planning for the best—
'Till I nod, and then we plod
To our quiet rest.

Six long years with all their fears,
Trials, hopes and pain,
Find her neater, calmer, sweeter
Than when we were twain—
Thought you knew, why yes, we've two;
Softly, they're asleep;
Both are girls, with golden curls—
There, now, take a peep.

A TRUE LOVER.

BY EDITH S. JAY,

Author of "A Noble Error," Etc.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III. (CONCLUSION.)

"ON REVIENT TOUJOURS."

Shafto wondered, as he sat discussing the morning's plans with his guests, with Nelly sitting next him, how he should get through that day, and those to follow, with this weight upon him. Nelly saw that he was saddened, and self-reproachfully tried to cheer him, petting him about his headache, and asking him to take a quiet walk with her. He accepted the proposal with a smile; but with none of the still and deep delight he would have manifested a day before. He knew the spirit was not there; what did the letter matter? The weary time passed, and they went up to town: Nelly to her father's house, Shafto to bachelor quarters in Piccadilly. The furnishing of his house was so nearly finished, he had allowed it to be completed, only saying to his agent—

"It could be sold, furnished, I suppose, if I did not want it, after all?" He had ceased to tease Nelly about carpets and chairs, and had, when taken out once or twice to assist in the selection of her wedding finery, the feeling of choosing a faggot for his own funeral pyre.

The strangeness of the situation quite dazed him at times, and at others, when Nelly was at all tender, grew painful almost beyond bearing. It was so hard to be near her, and feel her loss to him—even harder to lose one of those dear looks or touches which would so soon be taken from him forever. For he believed most earnestly that Kilcourey would come back and claim his bride—so earnestly, indeed, that he sometimes doubted the necessity of keeping up the show of his engagement any longer; but his tender care for Nelly conquered, and he said to himself, with a manly sigh, "It's little enough to bear for her sake; and I ought only to be grateful it has came in this way, so that I may believe in her and love her still, It is not her fault if her heart's too true."

So much for his thoughts, which influenced his demeanor unconsciously to himself. Over-attention, yearning for its return, were at an end: Nelly's lover did not fidget by his clumsy caresses, blind praise, uneasy anxiety now.

He still cared for her comfort and pleasure; but calmly, and without the wistful glance, the shaken voice that used to say, in answer to her remorseful, "How shall I thank you enough, dear!" "O Nelly, only give me a little love."

"You behave as if you were my father," she said, once in these latter days, half piqued, half-grieved at the change; and Shafto had answered sadly, "I thought the other teased you, my darling."

The day originally fixed for the wedding was drawing near; but another day was nearer still, as Elphinstone knew—that on which the Calcutta mail steamer was expected in.

For a week or so he had been grave and almost cold, fearing lest his self-command should give way altogether; but now, on the morning before the dreaded day, he thought he might be himself once more—might let his love speak, since, in honor, it would be for the last time.

He went early to the Westerns, to ask if Nelly would ride with him, as she occasionally did; he wanted to have her to himself, and was glad to find her alone in the drawing-room, sitting by the window, resting her head against the sash, looking dreamily over the box of mignonette at the long morning shadows across the sunny street.

Early summer was at its brightest; all the world in bloom, the scent of a great nosegay of roses he had sent her filled the room, soft red light gleamed through the half-drawn blind on her cheek and her white dress, and a faint breeze shed the leaves from a rose she had stuck idly in her hair in crimson drops on her neck. Shafto was not generally imaginative; but the pathos of his position, so near its climax, made him so, and he thought the red leaves were like drops of his heart's-blood which fell unheeded by her—by all. "It's my flower that's falling," said he. "My hope—just when all the world is in bloom."

Nelly was sorry to see him, for it happened that to-day was the anniversary of her first meeting with Dennis, and she had wished to keep it, as it were, sacred to him, for the last time; since, when she was Shafto's wife, she would have no right to any such memory. She had dreamed, too, the night before, one of those dreams, vague as to plan and circumstances; but so keen, so real in the sense of presence and nearness, that they leave an impression for days, and seem almost to be a contact of souls whose bodies are miles apart.

So she looked up from visions of her lost lover, and said to her present one, who stood plaintively regarding her—

"Oh! it's you, dear," in a slightly petulant tone, adding, after a moment, "What is the matter?"

She thought that *he* had no right to be unhappy. He was rich; he had got, or was to get, what he wanted, at her Dennis's expense, had gained by his loss and hers.

Generally, I think, the uncontrollable pathos of Shafto's troubled face, with its almost heart-broken smile, would have checked and touched her; but to-day her own anguish, wakened afresh, mastered all.

She repeated her question a little irritably.

"What is it? What has happened, dear?"

"Nothing," said Shafto patiently, coming up, taking her listless hand and kissing it in a meek and reverential manner, and then stooping to pick up, with a sort of fellow-feeling, the rose leaves scattered round her.

"Then why do you look so?"

"I didn't know I looked anything particular; I didn't mean to. I came to ask whether you'd take a ride?"

"No, dear," said she, wearily; "not this morning."

"It's so jolly out," remarked Shafto, pleadingly. "And you liked the new horse last time."

"I know I did, but I don't want to ride."

"Will you take a walk then, in the Zoo?"

"Oh, no," cried she, starting up, and forgetting his ignorance of her night vision. "How can you ask me?"

"Do," pleaded he, taking her languid hand in both his and pressing it hard. "I want you all to myself to-day, my pet. Do come."

"Oh, *Shafto!*" cried she, standing upright and pushing him from her indignantly, "can't you see I'm miserable this morning? And yet you go on teasing me so!"

He was tempted to reply that he was miserable too—to be cold and stern; but his habit of making allowance for everything weak or passionate that crossed his path, conquered, and he only said, with an attempt at a smile, though his lips twitched a little—

"Come out with me, my treasure, and tell me about it."

The smile of complacent ownership, as she thought; his importunity, his suggestion of himself as a confidant for that sad and sacred memory, were too much for Nelly in her present temper to endure.

"Tell you! *Lose* the poor happiness I have left! Yes, I *will* tell you, then, though I wanted—wanted to spare you too. I am thinking of him—of Dennis, of—"

A passionate sob choked her, the tears rushed over her flashing eyes, and she darted past him out of the room, leaving him too much petrified to stop her flight. It was the first time she had ever been angry with him, and he was wounded to the quick. He went back to the window and stood looking out with vacant wretchedness, quite still, as was his habit, only hanging his head a little, and so Nelly found him, when, after ten minutes, she came back penitent and ashamed, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

He turned round instantly, and answered her quivering apology by bending over her, and laying a grave kiss on her forehead. The caress, so superior, so unlike simple reverent Shafto, puzzled her; but she was too weary from her emotion to wonder why, and only observed meekly she would go and put on her things now, and go where he liked.

He thanked her, constrained, because her sweet prompt penitence made her harder yet to lose, and they went out together for the last time.

It seemed to Shafto that everything that morning was weighted with the solemnity of an eternal farewell; that the Park, and the streets, and the sky; women's faces, children's play, would never look the same to him again.

Yet he took no melodramatic advantage of his feelings. Shafto, as I have tried to show him all through, was not that pride of romantic writers, "a man of strong passions." There certainly was something strong in him, as I have also tried to show—but it was not passion.

Accordingly, though he dwelt more on his love than he had done since his trouble began, he did it in such a way that she might think of it afterwards as his comfort and treasure and strength, always; not as a cause of despair and sin.

He threw out no mysterious hints, for he rightly judged that the shock, if there were one, would be too full of joy to harm her, and if there were not—if Kilcourey were false, by any chance, there was no need to perplex her at all.

It was only when he had taken her home, and they were once more in the drawing-room, that there was a change in him. Then a chance word of Nelly's—the utterance of a passing speculation rather than a positive belief, spoken as he was leaving the room, checked and almost blinded him with a momentary maddening vision of what might have been. If only there were no such things as right and wrong, honor and dishonor.

"You're so, so good to me, Shafto dear, that I almost think I *might* get to love you, perhaps, in *that* way, after a long, long time."

He almost gasped for breath, and put out his hands as if to push away the temptation. Then he said with sudden, bitter quietude,—

"No, my darling. People don't *get* to love each other in *that* way. They * * * * *love.*"

"Perhaps," said Nelly, sighing.

He lingered still, looking at her with a strange, wistful expression; some instinct, stronger, keener than reason or calculation, was at work, and put aside both.

"Nelly," said he, at last, in a very low tone, "you have never given me a kiss. Will you give me one now?"

His voice trembled exceedingly, as he spoke, and Nelly, grieved for him, came up, and touched his cheek with her lips. It was a cold caress, but it was very dear and precious to him. He put his arm round her, and held her tightly to him for a moment, sighing very much; and then, without a word, he turned and left her.

And in this manner Shafto Elphinstone fought his battle, and won it.

He walked home through the sunny, dusty streets with a heart that seemed too heavy for his breast; it was so hopelessly, miserably full of her. He admitted himself with his latch-key, and went very slowly up-stairs. He wanted to rest, to think how to tell his story briefly, without betraying his own feelings to Dennis.

"There's a gentleman waiting for you, sir," said his servant, meeting him. "He would come in. He said he'd no card; but he had that moment arrived from India, and his name was—was"

"Kilcourey," said Shafto, and added, under his breath, "God's will be done." He took hold of the banisters, unconsciously, and stood thinking, breathless, with a very white face, while his servant added particulars.

"The gentleman's done nothing but walk up and down the room, sir, and ask every five minutes when you was coming back."

"Poor fellow!" muttered Shafto, and then he laughed in rather a stiff and ghastly manner at his wasted compassion, and gathering himself up went straight into the room, and shut the door.

He stood face to face with his rival, and both were dumb for an instant; Shafto still deadly pale, Dennis with a hot, bright flush on his cheek, wild eyes, quivering lips, fingers that twisted passionately in one another. His heart throbbed so fast he could only gasp inarticulately, and seize the other's arm, half in entreaty, half for support.

"So you've come," said Shafto, at last, just a little huskily, and drawing back with involuntary repulsion from his touch.

"I started the instant—how can I thank you? How is she—where?—Does she, can she still love me?"

Here indeed, alas! was Nelly's twin heart, her lost half, speaking nearly the same words, sobbing them, even; seeming so much a part of her in that appeal, in which every breath of his body, every pulse of his heart, seemed to join, that it was quite a natural thing to Shafto to soothe and forbear; easier to Shafto, who of all men was most manly, to give her up to one like Dennis, with many feminine virtues and foibles.

He was consoled, too, by seeing how dearly Dennis loved her, by the belief that in this respect, at least, he was worthy of the sad sacrifice of Shafto's own hopes. He scorned that comfort of weak minds, the inferiority of a successful rival, and rather said generously, "If he'll take care of her and make her happy, I'll be content."

"Does she still love me?" Kilcourey repeated passionately, grasping the other's firm hand in piteous appeal. "Oh, Elphinstone, I'd *die* for her."

"Yes, she does love you," Shafto answered, humbly.

"Then let me go to her. Which way?" cried Dennis, impetuously starting towards the door.

"Stay," said Shafto, feeling a sudden difficulty of utterance, and speaking very low indeed, and with such a strange tragic look in his eyes, it held Kilcourey motionless. "Let me tell you—sit down."

Dennis threw himself into a chair, and took hold of the arms to keep himself there, while Elphinstone, standing where he was, and keeping his eyes fixed on the wall, told the whole story very simply, in a pathetic, quiet voice, only moving once during its course to cross the room and pull down the blind, muttering something about the glare.

"When I once saw she—cared for you—there was only one thing to do—I loved her, and so, of course, I did it," he ended.

"Elphinstone, you're a saint! You're a hundred times fitter for her than I am," cried Dennis, enthusiastically, with tears in his impetuous eyes, and an amazed falter in his voice. "And, by heaven, I wonder she didn't forget all about me, and love you!"

"Not she," said Shafto, with a little laugh of momentary bitterness, "I never took her hand but I made her wish it were you."

"God help you!" muttered Kilcourey, turning away.

They were silent for a moment, then Shafto, with an effort, asked, "Will you wait here while I go and tell her you've come?"

Dennis had sprang to his feet, but he sat down again, with an assent whose reluctance Shafto perceived. He thought how, a day before, her sweet company had been *his* right, and no other's.

"Follow me after ten minutes," said he, with a grave smile. "You can spare me that, out of all your lives."

"I beg your pardon, I was awfully selfish. I say," began Dennis, awed out of his usual fluency by Elphinstone's terrible gentleness, his steady eye, his unshaken voice, the trouble which seemed to be too deep for outward show. "I can't say all I think. There are no words fit to thank you in, but if I—"

"Make *her* happy," said Shafto, and so, true to his unselfish creed, he quitted the rival to whom he had given success.

As he walked through the sunny streets, deserted now, at luncheon time, he passed a belated couple, evidently homeward bound from the Row, hanging far behind their party, looking in each other's faces, beaming, foolish, so pre-occupied that they ran against Shafto. The gentleman apologized heartily; but unhappy Shafto returned only a sulky nod. "Everybody has it but me," thought he, with a sore pang of envy, and passed on to his place of execution. What a long, long way it seemed to the Westerns' house—what a hard bell to pull, with an interminable staircase, grown suddenly so steep that he could scarcely lift his feet up it. The very voice of the servant who admitted him seemed to come through thick clouds to his ear.

Nelly rose in surprise which grew into alarm as she perceived his altered looks.

"Shafto!" said she, hurrying to him. "Why, how white you look! Are you ill? What is it?"

"Only some news," said he, putting back her attempted pitying caress, but keeping her hands in his, and leading her to the sofa.

"But you look so strange—I never saw you so—you get paler and paler. Bad news, Shafto?"

"Yes, my own," said he, "for me, not for you."

"Poor boy," murmured she, sympathetically; "tell me about it."

"You told me you loved somebody else—Dennis Kilcourey?"

A cry interrupted him. "*Bad* news. Is he dead?—married? O tell me! Forgive, pity me!"

She forgot that the ill tidings were for him, not for her. Love's unreasoning terror—this love, which had been so chilled, and forbidden, and wounded, anticipated only misfortune.

"O Shafto!" cried she, almost falling at his feet. "Tell me, tell me!"

A great throb of agony within him answered to her agonized words.

He stood up, and looked at her.

"He has come home to marry you," he answered; "I wrote to him four months ago to tell him to return."

"You!" faltered she, after a pause, in deep wonder.

"I."

"But I thought—you loved me."

"Well, that's just it," answered Shafto, simply.

"*Shafto!*" said she, under her breath, and looking at him with awe.

Just at that moment the door opened hesitatingly from without.

"Elphinstone," began a voice, "I *couldn't* wait. May—I"

"O Dennis, Dennis!" cried Nelly, with a great sob, and flew into the only arms that had a right to hold her.

They stood as if they could not part, clinging to one another as if for life—heart to heart, eye to eye, lip to lip; breathing murmurs of bliss and wonder, muttering broken endearments. All Nelly's sad, cold experience, all Dennis's misery and despair, fled away like a dream.

Somebody, quite unnoticed, stood looking at them for a moment, glanced up imploringly at the sky beyond the window, heaved a sigh, and went away. It was Shafto. He shut the door softly; there was no grand abandonment in his manner. A crossing sweeper begged of him, he had passed; but he went back, and amended his neglect: a stray cur ran under his feet, and looked up in his face, with an imploring whine and stare; Shafto stooped and patted him: a little child tumbled down; Shafto picked her up, and consoled her with a sixpence.

He was quite gentle with his servant when the latter ventured a remark on his master's pale face, and said he was a little tired, and wanted to be quiet, that was all.

He sat without stirring till the warm summer twilight darkened the room, with his eyes on the ground, with something in his hand which he put on his finger at last, and which will never leave it more—the ring which should have made Nelly Western his wife.

Dennis came and thanked him next day, and Nelly wrote to him more kindly, more warmly far than when he was her accepted lover.

He did not go to the wedding; but he sent Nelly the jewels which were to have been Mrs. Elphinstone's, all the same.

"But the family diamonds!" said some one rebuking him.

"There is no one left of my family but me," said Shafto, and added in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone, "and I shall never marry."

Nelly's happiness, with her passionate, wild, imperfect first love, was supreme; for both she and Dennis had suffered enough not to trifle with the joy so long denied, so dearly bought at last.

Shafto did not die of grief, or go wrong in any way, and lay the blame on Nelly, nor rush indeed into any extreme. You may see him in the Park, sometimes, looking much like other men, without any great tragic shadow on his kind, ugly face, or grand line of passion and gloom.

He does his duty on his estate—and, indeed, wherever he goes, and is particularly tender towards unfortunate lovers. He is honest, and sweet tempered, and frank as ever.

But there is a calm eternal aching within him which will never be stilled till the hand of death lies cold on that tender and loyal heart—till he has found, fully and for ever, those "lost joys," which he clung to to his day of earthly despair.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ They have Dolly Varden hats for men now.

☞ "Spank this boy and send him home," were the words pinned to a lost boy taken up in Detroit, the other day.

☞ Mrs. Muffin (after a thirty miles ride by express)—"Muffin, there's something wrong, the passengers are getting out on the wrong side." Muffin—"Why, don't you see, you are riding with your back to the engine. It's all right!" Mrs. Muffin—"Back to the engine! If I'd known it, what a headache I should have had!"

☞ The recent earthquake has increased the flow of the hot springs in California.

☞ The citizens of Battle Creek, Mich., have rewarded Miss Emma Pearl, of that city, with a fine gold watch, for taking care of a small-pox afflicted family.

☞ In a full column of "Dolly Varden Paragraphs," the local of the Wapello (Iowa) Record says the following awful thing of its rival:—"Anticipating warm weather, the sagacious editor of the Indianapolis —— has contracted for a pair of flowing Dolly Varden pantaloons."

☞ There was a snow storm in London, England, on the 11th of May.

☞ A Chinese settlement has sprung up at Detroit.

☞ Two tons of boys' marbles lately arrived from Germany at the Georgetown Custom House.

☞ Mr. Jones, a convivial Englishman, imbibed a pint and a half of rum in an hour, and expired.

☞ The bootblacks at some of the New York railroad depots are to wear a uniform.

☞ An Irish paper publishes the following:—"A deaf man named Taff was run down by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

☞ The Beloit Free Press gives notice that it has secured the services of a versatile and accomplished fighting reporter, who has been in the business fifteen years, and has in that time bitten off sixteen noses and twenty ears, besides gouging forty eyes and killing six men outright.

☞ An Indianapolis paper advises one of its too enthusiastic contributors to "confine himself to a thin diet for a week or two, and wear a bag of pounded ice in his hat."

☞ It is proposed to construct immense ferry boats, capable of receiving a complete train of railroad cars, to ply between Dover and Calais. By this means, passengers from London to Paris may travel the entire distance without the inconvenience of a change of cars. A model of one of these boats is now on exhibition in London.

☞ The papers out in the woods of Oregon appear to be very plain spoken. The Eugene Guard, a political organ of that frontier region, reminds county candidates that it does not propose to fiddle for them for nothing this year. It says:—"This is simply a matter of business. Let him who engages in the highly fascinating terpsichorean amusement remunerate the performer upon the instrument with four strings, played with a bow."

☞ The orchestra of the Boston musical festival will be composed of 250 first violins, 250 second violins, 150 violas, 100 violincellos, 100 contra basses, 100 first flutes, 12 second flutes, 12 first clarionets, 12 second clarionets, 10 first oboes, 10 second oboes, 20 bassoons (1st, 2d, 3d and 4th,) 20 French horns, 24 trumpets, 12 alto trombones, 8 tenor trombones, 6 bass tubas, 6 pair tympani, 10 small drums, 4 bass drums, 4 pair cymbals, 1 great drum, 1 great triangle. Total, 1000.

☞ A minister at an eating-house gave the order, "Roast beef, well done, thou good and faithful servant."

☞ The Rev. Dr. Dexter, of Boston, who has just returned from England, says: "Do not, I entreat, believe any English news coming by telegraph, that bears on the face of it the slightest bitterness towards America. We do ourselves and England a great wrong if we suppose there is anything but a cordial, honest, honorable, manly sentiment of fraternal affection in the hearts of her people."

☞ The English Anti-Tobacco Society, wanting evidences of the evil effects of the weed, took into their service Prof. Newman. He had never used the stuff in any form; and the arrangement was that he should take a good smoke, get sick, and then describe his horrible sensations in a course of lectures. The Professor got his pipe and smoked about half an hour, but singularly enough he did not get sick at all, and so far from being utterly disgusted, he just keeps on smoking, and the society folks are a little discouraged.

☞ A new Delphic oracle has been interviewed, and sagely delivered himself of this proposition: "We cannot love what we have not; we must love what we have?" Can these things be? and if so, why not?

☞ An old woman entered the refreshment room at the depot in Springfield, Mass., the other day, and said that she had left her parasol on a settee. After the attendants had spent some time in looking for the lost article, the old lady said she left it there "just three years ago last Fourth of July," and was very much astounded to see everybody drop the search with a laugh.

☞ An Akron (Ohio) lady named Logan was driven crazy by persistent sewing machine men.

☞ Here is another fine instance of the outrages sometimes committed by that stupid "old antic, the law." A boy of sixteen was acquitted the other day, in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, of a charge of placing obstructions on a railroad, but not until he had been in prison for fifteen months waiting for his trial. It was finally proved that he was in fact engaged in removing the obstructions placed on the road by some unknown person when arrested, and for thus preventing a terrible accident he was imprisoned over a year. Next time he will probably leave the obstructions and let the train smash.

☞ Forty-seven thousand persons die annually in England of consumption, which the London Telegraph calls "a scourge, compared to which cholera is a jest and war a diversion."

☞ The Richmond Enquirer advertises, "Wanted—Twenty-five First-class Funerals," and says they "are afflicted with a lot of very old gentlemen, and some of very middle age, with very old ideas, who are in possession of unimproved real estate, whose fathers lived and died in happy dreams that their landed property was going to make them millionaires, and who now hold on like grim death, and will not sell."

☞ There is rather a curious case pending in a Massachusetts court. At Worcester there is a large copperas factory in close proximity to a very beautiful cemetery. The fumes from the factory discolor and corrode the tombstones, and the proprietors of the cemetery have asked for an injunction to shut up the copperas works.

☞ A modest Buffalo girl recently had 3000 photographs of herself struck off.

POOR JAMES WYMPER.

BY ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.

When he was a child they called him "poor little James." He wasn't little, and he wasn't poor, so far as worldly goods went; nor did those who called him "poor" use the word in kindness towards the motherless neglected boy. He had red eyelids. No power could brush his hair smooth, or keep the knees of his trousers clean. He had a wonderful facility for cutting his fingers, and wrapping them up in unpleasant-looking rags. He always had a cold in his head. At the age of twelve he could barely read two syllables. His only use in the world appeared to be to serve as an awful example to naughty boys who would play with knives and disliked soap and water; and for this purpose he was used pretty freely. They sent him to a big school, where he did nothing but get bullied; and when his father died, and left him very poor in a new sense of the word, the distant relative who took him in charge out of charity could find no better employment for him than to sweep out the office and run of errands. By this time he had ceased to be "poor little James," and became Poor James Wymper.

He could do nothing good of himself, and by some curious perversity set himself to undo the good others had done. He had a craze for taking things to pieces by no means equalled by his capacity to put them together again. He complained that they did not give him time, and declared that this granted, the condition of the victims of his handiwork would be improved. Be this as it might be, every piece of mechanism that fell in his way, from his cousin's sewing-machine to the great hydraulic press at his protector's works, was made to suffer.

He had a fatal facility for always being in the way. He seemed to be at all elbows. He could not move ten steps to save his life without treading upon some one's toes, or upsetting something. When you spoke to him, he was always in a fog. "The boy is half an idiot," groaned the worthy cotton-spinner, whose bread he ate.

At the age of eighteen he had made only two friends in the world, a blacksmith and a cat—an evil-minded black Tom, who swore at every one else, and bit them savagely when they attempted to put him through the tricks which poor James Wymper had taught him. Amateur hammering at the forge did not improve untidy Jim's appearance, and his cat—not being in a show—did not increase his income. He ran errands for his cousin like a boy when he had attained man's estate, until one day when he ran one for himself—and did not come back again.

Fears were entertained that he had come to a bad end. The police were put in motion and rewards offered; but his friend the blacksmith, upon being pressed, said that he had gone to "Mereker"—cat and all.

I did not think that his relations were broken-hearted. I fancy that good Mr. Bryce, the cotton-spinner, was rather glad to be rid of his wife's cousin, the errand-boy. His wife, who was not unkind to the forlorn lad in a way of her own—a very cold way it was—sighed several times apropos of nothing, and murmured, "Poor James Wymper!"

Five years passed, and Mrs. Bryce was left a widow, by no means so well provided for as she expected to be. Moreover there was a lawsuit about the will, and a squabble in the winding-up of the partnership. She was glad to "get shut"—as her defunct lord would have said—of Manchester; and seeing an advertisement to the effect that a widow lady having a house too large for her, pleasantly situated on the Thames near Maidenhead, was prepared to share it with just such a person as herself, transported herself thither, after a due exchange of references and such like formalities, and found no reason to regret what she had done.

The other widow does not figure much in this story, and therefore it will be enough to say that she was a quiet, lady-like woman, rather afraid of her partner in housekeeping, with a daughter, aged eighteen, who ruled the pair, and made the place very pleasant.

Bessy Jervoice was not pretty. Besides her eyes she had not a good feature in her face; but it was a *good* face—earnest and loving, with a sub-current of fun running under it (as the stream runs under the water-lilies), and rippling out constantly. Her figure and hair were simply perfection. Her little thoroughbred hands were ever busy, and the patter of her dainty feet was pleasant music in many a poor cottage.

Things went on very smoothly at the riverside villa until one rainy day, when, without a "with your leave," or "by your leave," or letter, or telegram, or message, or any other sort of preparation, in marches poor James Wymper, dripping with rain and splashed with mud up to his hat!

"If you please, Cousin Margaret, I've come back," he said, subsiding in his old low-spirited way into an amber-satin drawing-room chair, which in two minutes he soaked through and through.

That was all. No excuse, no petition; a simple announcement that he had come back, conveyed in a manner which made it sufficiently clear that he intended to remain. "If you please, Cousin Margaret, I've come back." Not another word did he say, and relapsed into thinking of something else, as usual.

Interrogated respecting his luggage, he replied that it was on the hall-table, and there, sure enough, was found a sodden bundle containing a soiled flannel-shirt, a pair of slippers, two pipes, a cloth cap without a peak, and a sailor's knife. In answer to farther inquiries he stated that his means were eightpence, that he had been living in America, that he had walked from Liverpool, and that he wanted something to eat. When dried and fed, and asked what he was going to do, he said, "Whatever you please;" and appearing to consider that all difficulty was thus disposed of, he went to sleep.

Poor Mrs. Bryce was at her wits' end. Ordinary hints were thrown away upon such a man. When she said she supposed he was going on to London, he replied, O, dear no, he had come from London. When she told him she was only a lodger in the house, he observed that it was a very nice house to lodge in. I have said that she was kind to him in her way when he was an errand-boy, and somehow she could not be hard upon him now. There was something half ludicrous, half melancholy, in his helplessness that disarmed them all. Bessy declared him to be the largest baby she had ever seen, persisted in speaking of him as *it*, and scandalized the matrons by inquiring gravely after tea, which of them was going to put *it* to bed.

"It's rather unkind for you to jest so, Bessy," said poor Mrs. Bryce, "when you see how distressed I am. What on earth am I to do?"

"I suppose it's too old for the Foundling?" mused Bessy.

"Bessy, be quiet!" said her mother.

"You dear old darling," said the pert one afterwards, "don't you see that we cannot treat this thing seriously without making it doubly painful for dear Mrs. Bryce? It will all come right in the end."

"Yes, my dear, but when is the end to begin?"

It was to begin by special arrangement the next day, after breakfast; when the following conversation took place:

"Now, James," said his cousin, "we shall not be interrupted for some time, and you must really give me your serious attention."

"Yes, Cousin Margaret."

"You see, James," you are a man now, and must act and be treated—do you understand?—treated, like other people."

"That's just what I want to be."

"Well, then, I must tell you frankly that I am much annoyed by your coming here as you did."

"It wasn't my fault that it rained, Cousin Margaret. I wish it hadn't," he replied piteously.

"I'm not speaking of your coming in wet and spoiling the chairs, sir; I am much annoyed at your coming here at all."

The good widow thought that she would get on best by being angry, but it was no use.

"Where else was I to go to?" he asked.

"How you found me out, I cannot think," sighed the victim. The observation was an unlucky one.

"Ah, ha!" he chuckled, "you thought I was a stupid, did you?"

And then followed a long weary story of how passing through Manchester, he had seen this person and spoken to that, and obtained the clue by which he had hunted his listener down. What made it more provoking was the credit he took for this cleverness. He warmed to his subject as he went on, and finished with the air of a man who had rendered an important service, and expected to have it promptly recognized.

This threw his victim's cut-and-dried speeches off the line.

"O dear, O dear!" she cried. "It doesn't matter how you found me out; you *have* done so. The question is, what am I to do with you, now you're here? What *am* I to do with you?"

"I don't know, Cousin Margaret."

"You don't know! A pretty answer for a man of five or six-and-twenty. Now look here, James Wymper. I should like to do something for you for your poor mother's sake, but I cannot; and—and you have no *right* to thrust yourself upon me like this, and—and—are you attending to me, James Wymper?"

"Yes, Cousin Margaret," he replied with a jerk, coming suddenly out of his fog.

"What was I saying?"

"That you would like to do something for me for my poor mother's sake."

"That was only half what I said, sir. How dare you pick out my words like that! I went on to say that I couldn't do anything for you, and I can't. I've not the means. I'm very poor; I can hardly manage for myself. My husband left me very badly off."

"Did he leave me anything?"

"You! after your conduct—running away and frightening us as you did? Is it likely?"

"I know it was wrong to run away, Cousin Margaret, but you see I've come back again," he said with the utmost gravity.

This was conclusive. For the last half hour she had been trying to din into his head that he had no business to come back, and here he was, taking credit for having returned, as an act which was to cancel all the offences of his youth! Perceiving that his reply had troubled her, he proceeded to promise upon his word of honor that he would never, *never* run away again. What was to be done with such a man? Talking was clearly useless. One of two courses only remained—to endure him, or call a policeman and turn him out neck and crop.

Mrs. Bryce did not call a policeman.

The conduct of poor James Wymper during the next two or three days was what, in another man, would have roused the indignation of all concerned by its almost sublime audacity. The proceedings of Mr. Charles Mathews in *Cool as a Cucumber* are timid and retiring in comparison with those of Mrs. Jervoice's unwelcome guest. If the house and all it contained had belonged to him, and its inhabitants were dependents upon his bounty, he could not have behaved more freely; and all this with an air of innocence which utterly disarmed opposition.

"O, never mind me," was his refrain; "I don't want to trouble anybody. I'll do it all for myself. *I'm* all right. You let me alone and see."

His first great exploit was to precipitate himself upon a washing and wringing machine which he found, out of order and disused, in a cellar; and whether he had improved in dexterity, or sufficient time was granted him for the realization of his ideas, need not be discussed here. The result was satisfactory. Not only did he put the thing into working order, but he worked it himself, to the intense delight of Bessy and consternation of the cook.

Many other useful things he did. He made a windmill which pumped water up to the top of the house, and saved the sixpence a day which had been paid to a boy for this labor. He mended an old boat there was, and took Bessy out for rows on the river. He became that young lady's right-hand man in her garden. Before a month was over, not only had Cousin Margaret become quite resigned to have him on her hands, but Mrs. Jervoice refused to accept any remuneration for his board and lodging, declaring that he was well worth his keep. It was something, you see, for these lone women to have a man about the house who could and would put his hand to this and that. He did not cut his fingers now.

Before this satisfactory condition of affairs had been arrived at, tailor and hosier had been set to work, and really poor James Wymper brightened up wonderfully in appearance under their hands. If his head had not been so big, and his elbows and knees so uncomfortably conspicuous, he would not have been a bad-looking man. He was evidently a good-hearted one. He would do anything in his power, poor fellow, for any one; was in fact rather too active sometimes when he had been longer than usual in one of his fogs, on which occasions he would labor like an amiable bull in a china shop, and cause some consternation. Of course he made friends with the nearest blacksmith.

In the early days, when he had not ceased to be considered a nuisance and an intruder, Bessy had stood his friend. One always takes an interest in those one befriends, and Bessy took a great interest in poor James Wymper—drawing him out, encouraging him, and defending him against practical jokes; but as time passed this young person's feelings towards him appeared to undergo a change. Instead of praising what he did, and encouraging him to farther exertion, she found fault and snubbed him. She ceased to make fun of him as "it," and had a store of little, bitter, disparaging remarks—about his dependence, his want of self-respect, and so on—ready to shoot at him. "I think you are too severe on poor James Wymper," Mrs. Jervoice would say; "he is really very willing, and one must not expect too much of him, poor fellow." If another man had done what he did, he would not have been damned with such faint praise, but he was only "poor James Wymper;" and, like the proverbial prophet, had little credit in his own country.

One morning was marked with an unusual event—poor James Wymper received a letter with American stamps upon it.

Amongst the visitors at Willow Bank—the Thames-side villa of Mrs. Jervoice—was a certain Mr. Augustus Bailey, a young gentleman of pleasing and varied accomplishments. He could sing you music-hall songs nearly as well as the "great comiques" his masters. He could imitate most celebrated actors, and was a mighty punster. For the better exhibition of such talents a butt was indispensable, and he found one ready made in poor James Wymper. It is needless to observe that poor James Wymper did not love Mr. Augustus Bailey; but it was curious that a usually amiable girl like Bessy Jervoice should encourage the latter in sallies which were often as ungenerous as they were insolent.

"I want you to put my sewing machine in good order, Mr. Wymper," said Bessy one day, "and mind it works smoothly, for I've got to make a dress in a hurry."

"What for?" asked he.

"A picnic."

"What's a picnic?"

"Don't tease."

"Very well;" and he set to work on the sewing-machine.

Bessy took a seat beside him, and mollified by his obedience, condescended to explain the rites and mysteries of a picnic. This one was got up by Mr. Augustus Bailey, and—as she narrated—it was "Mr. Bailey will provide" this, and "Mr. Bailey thinks" that; until the workman threw down his screw-driver in a passion, and exclaimed, "Confound Mr. Bailey!" Bessy was astonished. She got as far as, "Why, your not jeal—," when she became very red, and checked herself.

"I'm not what?" asked poor James Wymper.

"You're not so stupid as you try to make out, sir."

"That's not what you were going to say."

"How do you know?"

"You said, 'you are not jel'—something."

"Not jelly then, or salt or sugar, that you should melt in a shower," she replied. The last-quoted opinion of the great Augustus had been that it was sure to rain, and so this observation of Miss Bessy was not as inappropriate as it may at first appear. But why should she have blushed so? And if she had really intended to tell him he was not jelly, why did she not go on and say so? Besides, he had not confounded Mr. Bailey because that authority had predicted rain, and Miss Bessy knew it. She flattered herself that she had got very cleverly out of a difficulty, and the blush changed to a smile, but she had only made bad worse. To tell a man that he will not suffer under the rain on a stated occasion, naturally implies that he may be subjected to a wetting on such occasion; and—

"Oh, then I'm to go!" said poor James.

This was a poser. He had not been invited, and there was a reason why he could not be. He looked up from his work with such a happy smile on his great broad face that Bessy's heart smote her.

"Well, you see, the gentlemen are mostly friends of Mr. Bailey. We invite them, you know, but—you won't be hurt if I tell you the truth, James Wymper?"

"Does truth hurt?"

"Sometimes. The fact is, that it is customary at water picnics for the gentlemen to provide the boats and music and wine, and that costs money, you know."

"Oh, so I cannot go because I have not got money to pay my share, eh?"

"You would not like to place yourself under an obligation to Mr. Bailey and his friends, I suppose?" she said with a sneer.

"I wish you would not curl your lip so when you speak, Miss Jervoice. That does hurt," he said, with a low voice and bended head.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Oh, never mind. But suppose," he continued gayly, as though a bright thought had struck him, "I were to help to row one of the boats, and arrange the dinner and that, wouldn't they let me come?"

"I never saw such a man!" Bessy exclaimed, losing all patience. "Have you no single spark of self-respect—no dignity? Oh, how can you be so mean-spirited?"

"Work is as good as money any day," he replied, looking her full in the face.

"Yes, if you go as a servant."

"You said just now that every one had to make himself useful at a picnic."

"It's no use arguing with *you*; you *will* not or cannot understand."

"You don't want me to go?"

"On the contrary, I should like you to join us if—"

"If I had the money?"

"If you could go on an equality with the rest."

"Well, I've got five pounds. Is that enough?"

"Five times enough. But where on earth did you get it!"

"Sam sent it in that letter."

"And who is 'Sam,' pray?"

"My chum in Chicago."

"Don't you think it would be more proper to give the money to your cousin, who has been so liberal to you?"

"Oh, I'll pay her some day. This runs first-rate now," he said, collecting his tools. "Do let me go to the picnic. Come, now, you help me to get an invitation, and I'll make your skirt."

And, if you'll believe me, this man set to work with the machine he had just set in order, and ran four breadths of the blue silk together as tight as wax and as straight as a rule, without missing a stitch.

As Bessy made a point of his being invited, and Mr. Augustus Bailey was her humble servant, and hoped to be something more, no difficulty arose on this point; but on another there was trouble. Some cockneys had misbehaved themselves on the meadows where it was fixed that our party should dine, and the proprietor, hardening his heart against all picnicers, and refused his permission. The outing was nearly given up, when it was discovered that a mile or two farther on there was an estate to let bordering on the river, and the great Augustus made it all right with the agent.

The next day poor James Wymper disappeared before breakfast, and did not return till night.

Where had he been? To London. What for? Why, to buy some new clothes, to be sure! Did they think he was going to let that skunk (by which term, I am sorry to say, he permitted himself to designate the elegant and highly-scented Augustus Bailey)—did they think he was going to let that skunk insult him again about his coat?

"I hope you did not think I had run away again, Cousin Margaret?" he added with some anxiety.

There was nothing to find fault with in his personal appearance on the morning of the picnic—dark green and black heather mixture suit, tie to match, black felt wideawake, with a little mallard's feather stuck in the band.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jervoise; "he looks quite handsome!"

"Who is that talking to Mrs. Bryce?" asked the inevitable curate. "What a magnificent head he has!"

"*Wh—at!*" shouted the great Augustus.

"Magnificent to a phrenologist, I mean," the curate explained.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the "skunk." "Look here, you fellows; here's a joke. Mr. Day says he is a phrenologist, and finds Wymper's head *magnificent!* Ha, ha, ha! Why don't you know," he added in a whisper, "that the fellow's half an idiot?"

During the embarcation and the row up the river poor James Wymper's conduct was peculiar. Instead of doing everything for everybody, as usual, he stood apart, and ordered people about royally.

"I'm quite pleased with you to-day," whispered Bessy, as he handed her out of the boat on the banks of the estate that was *to let*.

"Now, I say, you—er—what's your name?—you, Wymper, come and help take the hampers out!" said the great Augustus.

"Take them out yourself, you—er, Bailey!" he shouted back. "You haven't been rowing; I have;" and he strutted on to join a party of ladies, including Bessy. Bessy turned on hearing the loud talking, and somehow got detached from her friends.

"Why are you pleased with me to-day, Miss Jervoise?" he asked, as they sauntered on together side by side through the shrubbery.

"Would you very much like to know?"

"I shouldn't have asked unless."

"Guess, then."

"Because I've been making myself disagreeable?"

"I don't think you have been making yourself disagreeable."

"Well, then, because I haven't been making myself useful?"

"That is not the way to put it; but you are burning."

"Because I've got new clothes?"

"Nonsense! You know what I mean, or you wouldn't have answered as you did at first. Good gracious! I hope it is not going to rain."

"Tell me why," he persisted.

"Oh, don't tease."

"All right."

As soon as he did not want to know, she, woman-like, wanted to tell him. So in a minute or two she began again.

"It is a great mistake to make oneself too cheap. There are some people who gain respect by being good-natured, and some people who lose it."

"Ah, I see!" he replied; "I won't be good-natured any more."

"Oh, you *are* so silly! Don't you know there is a medium in everything? But really it *is* going to rain; I felt a big drop. My new blue costume will be ruined."

"Well, we can go into the house. Here it is."

The shrubbery walk was so thickly hedged that they had not seen where they were going, and at a sudden turn there, sure enough, was the villa close at hand.

"I suppose we might stand under the verandah?" suggested Bessy; and doubling up her skirts, she ran for it; for the rain came down with a dash—came down with a slant too, driven by the wind, so that the veranda gave them little shelter.

"I wonder if any of the windows" (they were French windows, opening to the ground,) "are open?" said her companion, trying them.

"Oh, we mustn't go in," said Bessy.

"Very well."

"But the splashing is spoiling my dress; don't you see? and my boots will be wet through," pleaded the inconsistent one.

"Then go in," said poor James Wymper, opening a window, "and I will run round and make it all right with the people in charge."

In ten minutes he rejoined her, saying that it *was* all right.

"What a pretty room!" she said, looking at herself in the pier-glass.

(Did you ever know a girl to enter a strange room without going straight up to the glass?)

"Hum—m, yes," he replied; "but the fellow who built it was an ass. Why, you have to twist your neck to get a view of the river from these things"—with a contemptuous kick towards the French windows. "If I had it, I'd knock that veranda into a cocked hat, break out a big bow in the middle, and then it would be something like."

"Oh, you'd work wonders, I dareasy," she said, rather crossly; "only it would be as well to do something towards getting a house of your own before you think about improving other people's."

"It *would* be nice to have a house of one's own," he said, "particularly—"

"Well, go on."

"Particularly if it had a bow window."

"James Wymper!"

"And a pretty meadow for picnics; but I suppose it would not do to give people leave to picnic on one's grounds?"

"Why not?"

"Would that not be being good-natured?"

"I did not mean that sort of good nature."

"If I had a fine house and grounds like this, I might be good-natured then!"

"It's no use arguing with you," she replied, sharply. "Is it ever going to leave off? Our picnic will be quite spoiled."

"Never mind; we'll have another soon. I daresay Sam will send me some more money."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, James Wymper, to take money like a beggar?" she said, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, I don't take it like a beggar."

"Yes, you do."

"No, I don't."

"A man who takes money that he does not earn, takes it like a beggar—there!"

"Who told you I take money I do not earn?"

"Of course you cannot earn it."

"Why, of course?"

"What a plague you are! What do you do to earn it?"

"Nothing now."

"What have you ever done?"

"Lots of things."

"Do you mean to say that this person you call "Sam" really owes you money?" She came quickly to his side as she spoke, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Yes, he does."

"What for?"

"For my share of what we did at Chicago."

"That could not have been much."

"What?"

"Your share."

"Sam says it was half: Sam's generally right."

"Where is Chicago?"

"Well, now, that is good! You don't know where Chicago is, and you're clever. I know."

"Of course, when you've been there."

"That's true," he replied, after reflection.

"Did you really get your living there?" she asked.

"Yes, I did."

"Then go back. O James, do—*do* go back I can't bear to see you as you are—dependent and looked down on. O, do go back, and work like a man. I suppose it is because we women are so dependent that we prize and honor independence. For me there is nothing so contemptible as a strong man who is idle and contented. Go back to Chicago. I shall be sorry to lose you, because—because I like you very much, and you have been very kind to me; but, don't you know, cannot you imagine, how happy, how glorious it must be to strive and conquer; to stand erect before the world, owing nothing but to God and your own honest labor?"

"I can, I do!" he cried, starting up. "It *is* glorious. Do *you* know, can you imagine what it is to have people despising you as a fool—an incapable—and yet to feel here" (he struck his massive forehead as he spoke) "that you were wronged, that you had not fair play? To feel knowledge, invention, power, coming, growing, *burning* in your brain—to see the ideas thus born forming themselves under your hands, and to know that they were right and sound—to make those who came to scoff, stay to praise? For this," he added, in a lower voice, "I humbly thank Almighty God, and good Sam Thacker."

Now, when Bessy Jervoice had had her say, as above recorded, and, piqued by surprise and excitement, and perhaps by something else, had said more than a well-regulated young lady ought to say, she naturally sat down and cried; but wonderstruck by the response she had evoked—a response which grew more astonishing, more fervid as it proceeded—she slowly raised her eyes; and there, before her, stood a James Wymper she had never seen before. Not a *poor* James Wymper in any sense of the term. The curate was right; and the magnificent head, its features lit up with pride and—well, it must out—*love*, was a sight to see.

"Forgive me," he said, taking her trembling hand, "for having played a part. It was Sam Thacker's doing. Said Sam, "You go back a rich man amongst those cusses" (Sam is a regular Yankee, you know,) "and they'll just crawl over you, and suck your vitals; you sham poor and stupid, and you'll soon see who's who." Ah, Bessy how kind you were to me at first! Am I wrong in thinking in hoping, that what was not so kind lately was meant for my good?"

"O, but how unfair—how—"

"Scold me presently, but hear my story. I ran away from Manchester, because I felt dimly that I could improve and invent things if I had a chance; but I was awkward with my hands. I could not draw, I could not plan. I was not ready with my tongue; I could not explain; I got impatient when people did not understand me, and all went badly until I fell in with Sam. Sam is the handiest fellow in the world; and as for talking, he could coax a 'possum out of his hole; but, at first, he hadn't one idea of his own. Well, we worked together, and as we went on, I got handy and Sam inventive; and to make a long story short, we sold two patents for fifty thousand dollars each, and we have *four* more, which bring in about two thousand a year in English money as royalties. I'm going to pay my share in this picnic out of that money; and it is quite true that Sam sent me the cash, because all my remittances come through him."

"I—I think," stammered astonished Bessy "that we must not stop here any longer."

"Just a few minutes."

"They will think it so odd."

"As you please. Will you have these flowers?" And he took a bouquet from a vase on the table.

"Put them back directly. How can you! Taking what does not belong to you! O James!"

"I bought the estate last week," replied poor James Wymper quietly, "and I suppose the flowers go with it."

"Mr. Wymper, are you mad, or am I dreaming?" gasped Bessy.

"I bought the place as soon as I heard you were coming here. That's why I went to London—and to get some clothes."

"Please, take me back to mamma;" and Bessy began to cry again.

"When you have answered me one question. I hardly dare ask it; but yet—"

But yet! The stupid fellow! it was evident that he had not yet patented a machine for divining a girl's thoughts. He hem'd and stammered and beat about the bush, as he did in his pre-Sam-Thacker days, and at last got it out. What was it?

Bessy left that room, as Sam would say, "inside an elbow," with an accepted lover's kiss tingling her lips, and glorifying her heart.

Never mind what had become of the picnicers; never mind the astonishment of Mr. Augustus Bailey and the rest when, invited by the master of the house to have their dance in his dining-room (on account of the wet), they learned who that master was; never mind the explanation with Cousin Margaret. The only thing which I grieve not having space to do justice to is the conduct of Sam at the wedding, and the burning wrath and indignation of the honest fellow when he heard that his partner had been once known as POOR JAMES WYMPER.

"*Poor!*" he almost howled; "why, there ain't a machine running on this old hemisphere, or in the *United* States, that he can't improve and beat. *Poor!* and he with the heart of a child and the brain of a Newton! *Poor* indeed! Let me catch any one calling him *poor*, and I'll get mad; and when I get mad, there's shootin' round. Yes, *sir.*"

AN ANCIENT SMOKER.

A MAN WHO WAS A LITTLE CRAZY ABOUT TOBACCO.

A very singular character has, it seems, lately passed away in Holland. Mr. Klaës, known by the name of the King of Smokers, died the other day near Rotterdam. Mr. Klaës had, according to the Belgian papers, amassed a large fortune in the linen trade, and one portion of a mansion he had erected near Rotterdam was devoted to the arrangement of a collection of pipes, according to their nationality and chronological order. By his will, which he executed shortly before his death, he directed that all the smokers of the country should be invited to his funeral, and that each should be presented with ten pounds of tobacco and two Dutch pipes of the newest fashion, on which should be engraved the name, arms, and date of the decease of the testator. His relatives, friends, and funeral guests were strictly enjoined to keep their pipes alight during the funeral ceremony, and afterwards to empty the ashes from their pipes on the coffin. The poor of the neighborhood who attend to his last wishes were to receive annually, on the anniversary of his death, ten pounds of tobacco and a small cask of good beer. He further directed that his oak coffin should be lined with the cedar of his old Havana cigar boxes, and that a box of French caporal and a packet of old Dutch tobacco should be placed at the foot of his coffin. His favorite pipe was to be placed by his side, with a box of matches, a flint and steel, and some tinder—for, as he truly said, there is no knowing what might happen. It has been calculated that the deceased gentleman, during his eighty years of life, smoked more than four tons of tobacco and had drank about 500,000 quarts of beer. It is sad to reflect that one evidently possessed of such noble qualities should have been thus prematurely cut off at the early age of eighty, doubtless owing to his unfortunate indulgence in a pernicious habit. His fate should be a warning to all smokers.

DOING WELL.

During a class-meeting held several years since by the Methodist brethren of a Southern village, Brother Jones went among the colored portion of the congregation. Finding there an old man notorious for his endeavors to serve God on the Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week, he said:

"Well, Brother Dick, I'm glad to see you here. Haven't stole any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Jones; no turkeys."

"Nor any chickens, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Jones; no chickens."

"Thank the Lord, Brother Dick! That's doing well, my brother," said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately relieved his over-burdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor, with an immense sigh of relief:

"Ef he'd a said ducks, he'd a had me."

A FROLICSOME SPIRIT.

The San Francisco Chronicle chronicles the death and funeral of a young spiritualist medium named Henry Chase, in which there is a rather ludicrous illustration of the strength of the ruling passion after death. The young man's mother preached his funeral sermon, in which she said that since his death she had had several interviews with him. In life he was a jolly and frolicsome youth, and while his corpse was being prepared for burial he entered the room and gave his mother to understand that "he did not think he would make such an ugly-looking corpse." During the whole process of dressing him after death he was present in the room, cutting up antics, jumping about, standing on his head, and doing other funny things. So little use is there for one's body that one may perform all these acrobatic feats even when deprived of it.

☞ Bad cooking on the part of the wife is held by a Texas judge to be good ground for divorce.

☞ A lady in Lewiston, Maine, rejoices in the possession of hair measuring forty-nine inches in length.

LABOR THROWN AWAY.

A gentleman in this county, who has gone into the Angora goat business extensively, and has a large flock of goats, last fall built a spacious corral, and erected weather-proof sheds that he might protect his property from inclement weather. When the first heavy storm came, he drove all his goats into the corral when night came. Late in the evening, he thought he would go and look after his property. A careful examination disclosed to the astonished goat-owner that not one of his live stock was to be found inside of sheds or corral. Just as our Angora capitalist was about to leave in the profoundest disgust with his investment, he happened to elevate his lantern and cast his eyes upward, when lo and behold, there was his entire flock of goats perched on top of the shed he had constructed with so much care and expense, evidently enjoying the heavy rain-storm which was pouring down. Who says that goats won't thrive anywhere after this?—*Weaverville (Cal.) Journal.*

THE AUGUST CONFLAGRATION.

A Frenchman named Professor Plantamour informs us that a gigantic comet is rapidly approaching the earth, and will strike it on the 12th of August this year, when the world will be consumed. This prophecy is confirmed by an egg laid by a hen in Delaware, and bearing an inscription to the same general effect. Unless the professor was in collusion with the hen, this remarkable coincidence appears to settle the matter beyond question. In view of the fact, then, that the conflagration is to take place upon the 12th of August, we cannot be too thankful that we have a paid fire department; and care ought to be taken that it is at hand, ready for service when the fire begins. Persons who feel any interest in the event will find a full report in this paper on the 13th, with a list of the insurances. We shall publish this journal in a fire-proof safe during the conflagration; and, as we know that our regular office will be burned out, we solicit subscriptions in advance in aid of the sufferers in this office. Money sent to our address will be thankfully received, promptly acknowledged, and effectively spent.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

☞ NOT COMPLIMENTARY.—Henry IV. having bestowed the cordon bleu on a nobleman, at the solicitation of the Duke de Nevers, when the collar was put on the nobleman made the customary speech, "Sire, I am not worthy." "I know it well," said the king, "but I give you the order to please my cousin De Nevers."

Have it Always at Hand.

Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and for this reason among many others, the MUSTANG LINIMENT should find a place in the cupboard of every household. In all the world there is nothing comparable to it as an application for cuts, contusions, burns, sprains, and scalds, and when every other preparation that medical ingenuity can suggest, has failed to afford relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, glandular swellings, muscular contractions, cramps, toothache, &c., this powerful anti-inflammatory and pain destroying agent immediately assuages the sufferer's agony and eventually accomplishes a radical cure. Probably there is not a connoisseur in horse-flesh or an amateur horseman in the land who does not know, either from personal observation or reports that the MUSTANG LINIMENT is the *supreme remedy* for all external diseases and injuries of the horse.

☞ A fearless youth of Hanley, England, stoned an elephant, and was slain by the insulted animal.

Rupture.—We again call the attention of all afflicted with Hernia to the easy and effectual remedy afforded by the Elastic Truss. The high commendation it is receiving from all quarters shows how readily this invention (so complete and so much needed) will supersede all torturing metal instruments. We advise all sufferers to send for a descriptive circular to The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York.

ap27-13t

☞ Thousands of locusts have made their appearance in the western part of North Carolina.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acid, thick, mucous, purulent, offensive, &c. In others a dryness, dry, watery, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in the ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, constant desire to clear nose and throat, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired or total deprivation of sense of smell and taste, dizziness, indigestion, enlarged tonsils, tickling cough, &c. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. The proprietor of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY will pay $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. Sold by Druggists at 50 cents. 572

Salesmen Wanted.

Messrs. Hamdin & Hart, Springfield, Ill., Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Manufacturers of the "Victor" Music Box, wish to employ 1000 Agents to sell their celebrated Music Box. The "Victor" is conceded by ALL to be the BEST, as well as the CHEAPEST instrument of its kind in use. This fact is proved by the very large demand for the instrument,—over 3000 having been sold during the past year. We manufacture two styles of cases, Rosewood and Walnut, both are mounted in Silver, and sell at the same price, viz: $13. The "Victor" plays 16 tunes, and is warranted for 5 years. A large commission will be allowed Agents who engage in the sale of this instrument. The business is particularly recommended to Lady Agents, being pleasant and profitable. To those who wish to act as agents in the sale of our "Victor Music Box," we will send one as a sample to sell by, upon receipt of $2 to pay for packing and express charges. Complete printed instructions, rate of commission, terms, &c., will be sent with the instrument, or upon application by letter, enclosing 3 cent stamp. Write name, County and State plainly. Address

HAMDIN & HART,

june1-1y Springfield, Illinois.

A Pitiful Condition.

It is a sad thing to pass through life only half alive. Yet there are thousands whose habitual condition is one of languor and debility. They complain of no specific disease; they suffer no positive pain; but they have no relish for anything which affords mental or sensuous pleasure. In nine cases out of ten this state of lassitude and torpor arises from a morbid stomach. Indigestion destroys the energy of both mind and body. When the waste of nature is not supplied by a due and regular assimilation of the food, every organ is starved, every function interrupted.

Now, what does common sense suggest under these circumstances of depression? The system needs rousing and strengthening; not merely for an hour or two, to sink afterward into a more pitiable condition than ever (as it assuredly would do if an ordinary alcoholic stimulant were resorted to,) but radically and permanently.

How is this desirable object to be accomplished? The answer to this question, founded on the unvarying experience of a quarter of a century, is easily given. Infuse new vigor into the digestive organs by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Do not waste time by administering temporary remedies, but wake the system up by recuperating the fountain-head of physical strength and energy, the great organ upon which all the other organs depend for their nurture and support.

By the time that a dozen doses of the great vegetable tonic and invigorant have been taken, the feeble frame of the dyspeptic will begin to feel its benign influence. Appetite will be created, and with appetite the capacity to digest what it craves. Persevere until the cure is complete—until healthful blood, fit to be the material of flesh and muscle, bone and nerve, and brain, flows through the channels of circulation, instead of the watery pabulum with which they have heretofore been imperfectly nourished. 1m

For Moth Patches, Freckles & Tan

Use PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION. The well known reliable and harmless remedy for Removing Brown Discolorations of the Face.

Depot, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by every Druggist in Philadelphia, and elsewhere. mh16-6m

SKIN DISEASES.

PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure Flesh Worms, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations of the Face.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere. mh16-6m

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce the price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, [illegible] Miss Amanda M. Douglas, [illegible] Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, [illegible] [illegible] etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.

By [illegible], author of "One Woman's Experience," [illegible], etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.

By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.

By [illegible], author of "[illegible]," etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.

By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "[illegible]," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. [illegible]

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music is given every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Sparkling, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Sparkling, and Interesting of the Magazines—being in [illegible], Engravings, and Contents *just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($3.00), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit twelve cents extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, payable to our order.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,

319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, billious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.

RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York. my11-tf

"Burnett's Cooking Extracts.—The best kinds extant."—*Sears' National Review.*

☞ It is said of the lately deceased Bishop of St. Asaph, in Wales, that every day for twenty years, whatever the condition of the weather, he strewed flowers on his wife's grave.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1872.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, $2.50

One copy of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of The Lady's Friend ($2.50) for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks payable to our order.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

NOTICE.

We have commenced sending out bills to a number of old subscribers—and we trust they will not delay in honoring them.

FOR SALE.

An interest in this paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is for sale to an active, competent young man with capital.

AMERICAN GO-AHEAD GIRLS.

We copy the following amusing paragraph from an article in an English magazine upon American Girls. The extraordinary knowledge of American home-life which the observing gentleman displays, will doubtless astonish most of our readers, who have probably not been aware before that such was the condition of society in this country. After stating with the confident manner of a man who thinks "he understands what he is talking about," that a great proportion of the marriages in the United States are brought about through smitten youths advertising in the "Personals" the *fair damsels* they have chanced to see in the street or horse-car, and not through introduction by a mutual friend, he says, commenting on this loose way of doing things:—

"The probable reason for this laxity of decorum amongst young American women is, without doubt, on account of the absence of any '*home feeling*' *in them, the majority of the people, who dwell in cities and live in hotels and boarding-houses. In all towns in the United States domestic life, as evinced in private housekeeping, is the exception, and* '*boarding out*' *the rule.* To show this, it may be stated that New York with its million inhabitants does not occupy an extent greater than eighteen square miles, being nine miles long and on an average two broad; and a larger portion of this space is taken up by parks, public buildings, monster stores, and places of business than by dwelling-houses; consequently about a million of human beings live in an area not greater probably than ten square miles at the outside, allowing a very large margin for errors of calculation, which gives the average rate of population at nearly one hundred thousand persons to a square mile; this speaks to the existence of the boarding-house over the separate mansion or cottage. Owing to this system of life, *all feelings of home and domestic privacy are destroyed; and thus American girls never look forward to having an agreeable evening or* '*good time*' *at home, surrounded by their friends; to have pleasure they must go out to some place of public amusement, whence they are naturally more forward and independent, and it must be also said,* '*faster,*' *than English lassies of the same age.* Indeed the 'smartness' of these Transatlantic ladies, and their common knowledge of things which our girls would not understand, even to the bare allusion, would startle any new-comer in the United States who might notice it for the first time. I have seen respectably dressed and apparently modest girls laughing over the vulgarities and appreciating the *double-entendre* of a questionable drama with as much unconcern and relish as a Corinthian Tom or Jerry might have displayed."

The cool confidence with which our worthy friend states that "the majority of the people dwell in hotels" is really quite refreshing. Mark Twain himself could hardly do better. We suppose he infers that the miles and miles of private houses in our large cities are untenanted. For probably not one family in a hundred lives in a hotel or boarding-house. And we infer, from what he says of American ladies, that he did not visit in very good society while on this side of the ocean.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

The great evil upon which we have fallen in these days of rapid fortunes and extravagant living, will be appreciated if we ask ourselves what meaning is attached to the word Success? What are our young people taught as compassing true success in life? What class of men are held up as the true types of manhood, and as worthy of emulation? When a newspaper writer talks of "self-made men," who are the bright examples he holds up to view, whom does he ask our young men to pattern after—the men of ideas, of moral power, of strong virtues; or of great wealth? What is meant by success in life, when the instances most cited in this connection are Astor, Girard, Stewart and Vanderbilt? Whoever speaks of men like Elihu Burritt, and that class of pure philanthropists and scholars, who are constantly thinking so much of others that they have no time to devote to the accumulation of wealth? While we laud to the skies such men as Peabody, who having lived within himself until he had amassed great wealth, and got through with its use and aggrandizement, bequeathed it to such purposes and under such restrictions as suited his fancy or his ambition, we are apt to lose sight of the thousands of tender hearts and great souls whose wonderful benevolence and fellow-feeling have made it impossible that they should grow rich, save in the blessings of those whom they helped. Is it not time that a new lexicon was prepared, or the old ones amended so that our "coming" men and women shall have a different idea of the true meaning of success?

An Admirer of the Beautiful.

The story is told that once upon a time Commodore Green, of Savannah, Ga., extended the hospitality of his palatial mansion to the delegates of an agricultural convention. As one of the members was aimlessly wandering about, staring at the numerous statues which adorn the house, Mr. Green, who was, it seems, everywhere and with everybody, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Ah, Mr. ——, I see you are an admirer of the beautiful. Would you not like to inspect some of the fine arts?" "Well," said the delegate, as he deposited a well-masticated Virginia weed outside the window, "I don't care if I do, as I am a little dry."

☞ At Portsmouth, Ohio, a boy died lately from the excitement caused by witnessing a balloon ascension.

THAT WALTZ OF VON WEBER'S.

BY NORA PERRY.

Gayly and gayly rang the gay music,
The [illegible], merry music of [illegible] and of love,
The mad, merry music, that set us a-dancing
Till over the midnight came stealing the morn.

Down the great hall went waving the banners,
Waving and waving their red, white and blue,
As the sweet summer wind came blowing and blowing
From the city's great gardens asleep in the dew.

Under the flags, as they floated and floated,
Under the arches and arches of flowers,
We two and we two floated and floated
Into the mystical midnight hours.

And just as the dawn came stealing and stealing,
The last of those wild Weber waltzes began;
I can hear the soft notes now appealing and pleading,
And I catch the faint scent of the sandal-wood fan

That lay in your hand, your hand on my shoulder,
As down the great hall, away and away,
All under the flags and under the arches,
We danced and we danced till the dawn of the day.

But why should I dream o'er this dreary old ledger,
In this counting-room down in this dingy old street,
Of that night or that morning, just there at the dawning,
When our hearts beat in time to our fast-flying feet?

What is it that brings me that scent of enchantment,
So fragrant and fresh from out the dead years,
That just for a moment I'd swear that the music
Of Weber's wild waltzes was still in my ears?

What is it, indeed, in this dusty old alley,
That brings me that night or that morning in June?
What is it, indeed?—I laugh to confess it—
A hand-organ grinding a creaking old tune!

But somewhere or other I caught in the measure
That waltz of Von Weber's, and back it all came,
That night or that morning, just there at the dawning,
When I danced the last dance with my first and last flame.

My first and my last! but who would believe me
If, down in this dusty old alley to-day,
'Twixt the talk about cotton, the markets, and money,
I should suddenly turn in some moment and say—

That one memory only had left me a lonely
And gray-bearded bachelor, dreaming of Junes,
Where the nights and the mornings, from the dusk to the dawnings,
Seemed set to the music of Weber's wild tunes!

—*Galaxy.*

THE SEARCH FOR DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Dr. Livingstone last left England in 1865, and proceeded to Bombay, where he arrived on the 3d of January, 1866. He crossed thence to Mikindany on the East African coast, and was stopping at a point thirty miles up the Rovuma river when heard from in May, 1866. His last letter received in any civilized region was dated Ujiji, May, 1869, and nothing that is considered fully reliable has been heard of him since. In this letter he wrote that the work still before him was to connect the lakes he had before discovered, and also to explore a lake to the westward of Tanganyika, in the Manyema country. He was suffering at this time in the want of men and supplies, and was opposed in his enterprise by the Arabs who were occupying the country in the prosecution of their trade in slaves. Thirty-four letters that he had previously written were stated to have all been lost. Three years have now elapsed since Livingstone wrote this letter; and three attempts (the last now in progress) have during that time been made to give him succor.

The first of these attempts was made by the English Government, which appropriated $5,000 to procure and forward supplies, natives being employed as carriers. The supplies were purchased and started, but the probabilities almost amount to certainty that none ever reached their destination.

The second attempt was made by Mr. Stanley, an American traveller, who designed to go himself to Livingstone's relief. With this purpose he set out from Bagamogo with a party of followers, on the 1st of April, 1871, and succeeded in getting as far as Unyanyembe, where he was stopped by disturbances into which his party was drawn, and during which four of his men were killed, and himself severely wounded. Although the great traveller was not reached, Mr. Stanley brought back reports concerning the whereabouts and condition of a man supposed to be Livingstone, which were given him by certain Arab traders of the interior. These traders described him as an old man with a long beard, almost white, which description has led some to question the identity; but the traders also gave other marks of identification which leave little doubt that Livingstone was meant. A year or two of such a climate, with no means, would effect a great change in the appearance of any man. One of these traders said that he had seen Livingstone at Ujiji in 1871, and that then he was about to go to Marunga, south of Tanganyika. Another knew that the white man had gone to the Manyema country, but said that he had met with a bad accident and would return to Ujiji when he had recovered. A third said that Livingstone's men had deserted him. Others confirmed the fact that he had crossed Lake Tanganyika early in 1870, and that he had accompanied an Arab caravan to Lake Manyema, a much larger water than Tanganyika. Unfortunately, there is superadded to all this the report that a caravan from Ukonogo (which is presumed to be in the Manyema country) brought the news that he was dead. Later than the date of this news, however, Mr. Stanley learned that Livingstone was on his way back to Ujiji from Lake Manyema, the said lake being described as fifteen camps, somewhere from one hundred to one hundred and eighty miles, south-southwest from the western shore of Tanganyika.

The third attempt, now under way, is made by the Royal Geographical Society, which has been unceasing in its noble efforts to aid this daring explorer. This time the undertaking takes the shape of an expedition in command of Lieutenant Dawson, an able officer of the English navy, who, with a second in command and a party of about fifty picked men, besides the requisite number of porters, is to spare no effort to reach Livingstone with supplies; the latter being, it is supposed, somewhere in the Manyema country, to the westward of Lake Tanganyika.—*Galaxy.*

SHAKSPEARE.

Some years ago an honest citizen of Newburyport, who had acquired a competence by hard work, was appointed by his Excellency a justice of the peace. The appointment, which had been unsolicited, was regarded by him as a very great honor, and he determined to make himself worthy of it by retiring from active business and giving his attention to books. His first purchase was a copy of the General Statutes; his next a volume of the plays of Shakspeare, about whom, as he told his wife confidentially, he had heard the big guns say a good deal. The great poet produced a powerful impression upon him. "I don't suppose," he said, speaking of it to his friends, "there are twenty men in Massachusetts who could have written such a book."

☞ Dundreary got against a snag while in Boston. Says he—"They want to cut the houses down in order to widen the streets, because there are so many people. But if they cut the houses down, there will not be so many people. The people can't live in the houses after the houses are cut down; and if there ain't so many people, why cut them down to make the streets wider?" The poor fellow had to give up.

☞ St. Louis is sarcastic over the site selected for the new post-office at that point. It's too far west. The Democrat says:—"There are troops enough at the Arsenal to protect the new post-office from Indian depredations. This gives us a sense of security."

THE COMMON SENSE OF DRESS.

First, all honest and graceful dress should follow, as far as possible we think, the shape of the body as devised and found good by the great Artificer. All that follows those beautiful lines must be itself beautiful. All that changes, deforms, or exaggerates those lines, must be senseless, ugly, ridiculous, and untrue. Whether a gown swell out into the hoops of the great tun of Heidelberg, or project backwards like the reverse side of the Hottentot Venus, it is alike hideous. A gown may be of many folds, of many thicknesses, but it should not turn a woman into a caricature of the form God made, and made last of all.

Secondly. Dress should be as much as possible true and honest—simple and rich all good dress must be. There is no object, unless a bedlamite one, for instance, in swelling the head into the size of a bushel, with heaps of tow and shreds of dead people's hair, hair, the antecedents of which one shudders to think of. The human head, strange to say, was grandly devised, and needs no improvement if it be only kept well filled with brains. To blow it out like a bladder, is only what a feather-headed milliner could wish to do. The perfect ideal of a head is, we hold, a well-shaped Greek head, simply bound by braids of its own glossy hair, knotted behind or woven into a crown more beautiful than that of jewels.

Thirdly. No thoughtful person should feel any pleasure in wearing sham jewelry—sham anything. All shams are lies, false pretences, dishonest assumptions, unworthy of common sense and real gentlehood. The beauty of gold is that it is gold, not that it looks like gold; the quiet satisfaction of wearing gold is, that it is a pure, lasting, beautiful metal, and just what it appears. To wear false gold is to wear a miserable, pinchbeck deception, worthy only of bagmen and bagwomen, swindlers and courtezans, and unbecoming the quiet honesty and frank sincerity of gentlepeople.

Fourthly and lastly. Perfect dress should be rich, but not exceptional. It should never try to catch the eye, but please the sense with a quiet, almost unconscious charm. It is only the mountebank and the swindler who swagger in red and yellow. It is, or should be, only the Anonyma who paints. Away then with all vulgar excess in

> "Silken coats, and caps, and golden rings;
> With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and things;
> With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery;
> With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery."

A race of wise people should dress like the grave folk in Titian's or Giorgione's pictures, whose costume you scarcely notice; their faces so glow with expression, and are so instinct with hope. Not at feasts, such as theirs, would one have had to despotically exclaim, with Shakspeare, as now:

> "Thy gown, why, ay:—come, tailor, let's see't.
> O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
> What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
> What? up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
> Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
> Like to a censer in a barber's shop;—
> Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?"

Gradually we are reforming some of these evils; it is indeed time we reformed them altogether.

THE MILLINER PRINCESS.

The Establishment of Madame Bonaparte, Dressmaker.

A writer in the Albany Argus gives the following account of the dressmaking establishment of Princess Pierre Bonaparte, the lady whose advent in London as a "modiste," we noticed two or three weeks ago:—

A sober page in buttons conducts the visitor to a room arranged with a taste and an elegance which English mode-makers—adepts in the art of catch-penny decorations—would do well to imitate. Quiet tones in the coloring of carpets and curtains, not too many mirrors nor a redundancy of gilding, and three or four valuable prints and paintings, as substitutes for the usual garrish pink and yellow. Here presides the Princess—a tall, very handsome woman—over a bevy of young work-women she had obtained for her purpose from Paris, and whose unchignoned heads and plain neatness of dress are admirably in keeping with the practical business objects of the place. Having adopted dress-making as a vocation, the Princess enters earnestly into the mercantile spirit, and desires the custom of the poor as well as the rich. There should be established in England, she thinks, a "good middle-class 'school' of dress-making"—the same as that which, in Paris, makes a grisette as neat, dainty, and as tasteful of dress, in her way, as any person, and adds, "I buy dresses—a thousand francs each is cheap—of Worth, and by using them as models for my work-women, can give my customers exact counterparts of his master-pieces at less than half his prices. Mine is 'democratic' dress-making, you perceive, and I am not afraid of the word." The ladies may be able to tell just how sound this speech is in art, and how much of good suggestion it may have for New York, as for London; but how thoroughly French is the whole tableau of Princess turned "modiste." With full-length portraits of the parents of her husband's great ancestors, Napoleon I., among the few pictures decorating the walls of her modest wareroom, this formerly haughty lady of Anteuil not only adopts dress-making with fervor, but expounds its art with a grace almost persuading the hearer to imagine that there may be really something princely in it.

CULTURE.

Culture is a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all the matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world, and through this knowledge turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits, which we now follow staunchly but mechanically, vainly imagining that there is a virtue in following them staunchly which makes up for the mischief of following them mechanically. * * * From the faults and weaknesses of bookmen a notion of something bookish, pedantic and futile has got itself more or less connected with the word culture, and it is a pity we cannot use a word more perfectly free from all shadows of reproach. And yet, futile as are many bookmen, and helpless as books and reading often prove for bringing nearer to perfection those who use them, one must, I think, be struck more and more, the longer one lives, to find how much, in our present society, a man's life of each day depends for its solidity and value on whether he reads during that day, and, far more still, on what he reads during it. More and more he who examines himself will find the difference it makes to him, at the end of any given day, whether or no he has pursued his avocations throughout it without reading at all; and whether or no, having read something, he has read the newspapers only. This, however, is a matter for each man's private conscience and experience. If a man without books or reading, or reading nothing but his letters and the newspapers, gets nevertheless a fresh and free play of the best thoughts upon his stock notions and habits, he has got culture. He has got that for which we prize and recommend culture; he has got that which at the present moment we seek culture that it may give us. This inward operation is the very life and essence of culture, as we conceive it.—*Matthew Arnold.*

CHARMIAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

In the time when yellow lilies shake
Their dusty gold on river and lake,
When the cuckoo calls in the heart of the heat,
When the dog-star flames and the shade is sweet;
Where cool and fresh the river ran,
I sat by the side of Charmian,
And heard no sound from the world of man.

II.

All was so sweet and still that day!
The rustling shade, the rippling stream,
All life, all breath, dissolved away
Into a golden dream;
Warm and sweet the scented shade
Drowsily caught the breeze and stirred,
Faint and low through the green glade
Came hum of bee and song of bird;
Our hearts were full of drowsy bliss,
And yet we did not clasp nor kiss,
Nor did we break the happy spell
With tender tone or syllable,
But to ease our hearts and set thought free,
We plucked the flowers of a red rose-tree,
And leaf by leaf, we threw them, sweet,
Into the river at our feet,
And in an indolent delight
Watch'd them glide onward, out of sight.

III.

Oh, had I spoken boldly then,
How might my love have gather'd thee!
But I had left the world of men,
And sitting yonder, dreamlike,
Was happiness enough for me;
Seeking no gift of word or kiss,
But looking in thy face, was bliss;
Plucking the rose-leaves in a dream,
Watching them glimmer down the stream,
Knowing that eastern heart of thine
Shared the dim ecstacy of mine!

IV.

Then, while we linger'd, cold and gray
Came twilight, chilling soul and sense;
And you arose to go away,
Full of a sweet indifference;
I miss'd the spell—I watch'd it break,—
And such come never twice to man:
In a lost golden hour I spake,
And did not win thee, Charmian!

V.

For wearily we turned away
Into the world of everyday,
And from thy heart the sweetness fled,
Like the rose-leaves on the river shed;
But to me that hour is sweeter far
Than the world and all its treasures are:
Still to sit on, so close to thee,
Were happiness enough for me!
Still to sit on in a green nook,
Nor break the spell by word or look,
To reach out happy hands for ever,
To pluck the rose-leaves, Charmian!
To watch them fade on the golden river,
And hear no sound from the world of man!

AUNT ALICE ABROAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[CONTINUED.]

Who ever heard of shopping in a churchyard? Yet it must have been there that we bought our fine silks and laces, as our bills were headed 58, and many other numbers, "St. Paul's Churchyard."

And right here let me tell you how green we were on that same day. We had been looking at prints and picture-books in a shop on Fleet street, and having purchased enough to delight the children at home, we concluded to go in search of dress goods for our own benefit. Being wholly ignorant of streets, or *stores*, we innocently asked the shopman where we might find the nearest *dry goods* store. "Beg pardon!" said the man, with his ear turned up to us.

"The neatest dry goods store" * we repeated. The man only stared at us!

We explained as well as we could, that we wished to look at, and perhaps to buy some dress goods for ladies wear. The shopman grinned a ghastly smile, and told us we could find plenty of "Draper shops" if we walked up Ludgate hill to "St. Paul's Churchyard." Off we started, rather chopfallen at our blunder. After waiting sometime at the crossing, we made a dash and reached the next sidewalk in safety, ascended Ludgate hill, saw the great Cathedral at the top, turned to the left, and soon stood in the *dry goods store*, for we will call it so, of Hitchcock & Co., on the corner.

During our stay in Europe we never got over the difficulty that a shilling would sound so much smaller to us than twenty-five cents; and as to "sixpence," why we always forgot it was just as much again as six cents.

Still we think we had the full worth of our money, especially in silks and laces. We might not have felt so content had the custom-house officers been as hard on us as we were led to expect. We did not wish to smuggle, but we did have some very fine unmade dress goods in our trunks, which they did not deign to examine, although our boxes were all thrown open for their inspection. We did not do as many ladies who came over on the same ship told us they had done; that is, wrap bolts of silk and lace about their person under their outer-skirts, for all we had purchased was in our trunks and boxes, and escaped!

London shopkeepers are much more attentive and polite than we find them in New York or Chicago. They go to no end of trouble for a customer, and do not ask, as we have heard a pert Chicago clerk do, whether you "really wish to purchase." (Fact.)

Only think of it, not a street railway car in the whole city of London! That is, there were none in 1871; but we did hear that "tramways" were being laid. Better late than never. We did not like the underground railways. It makes one nervous to feel that they are under great blocks of heavy buildings, and the air becomes rather used-up before we reach a breathing place.

We much preferred our cheap ride on the Thames, where one can go miles for one penny. In this way we passed under London bridge, and thought of the nursery riddle of

> "As I went over London bridge,
> I met my sister Ann," &c., &c.,

only we went *under*, in place of *over*.

Past Somerset House to Westminster, and there at the grave of Charles Dickens we paused to place a wreath upon it, for it was the first anniversary of his death.

We spent a pleasant hour at Hyde Park, where, at certain hours, many of the nobility of London may be seen gliding along in their fine carriages, stopping occasionally to exchange compliments with friends.

We enjoyed seeing the equestrians in Rotten Row, where people of all ages take horseback exercise, in a very sober, solemn way, and we wondered how these same riders would succeed if mounted on some of our untrained Western horses, and galloping over our wild prairies.

St. James's Park is not a popular place of resort, but a fine park it is. St. James's Palace is not very imposing to look upon, and we pitied the poor sentinels marching up and down on guard, their heavy-looking fur caps made their heads seem too large for their bodies, and they all carried the straps upon their chins, as if to relieve them of a part of their weight.

As we sauntered along past the palace, the roar of moving vehicles on Piccadilly was fearful, and sounded like the rumbling of many railroad trains.

It is almost impossible to converse with a companion in the streets of London, one's voice being drowned in the universal roar, and it is a relief to get back to a quiet room where this noise is less disturbing.

But volumes might be filled if we told of all that was strange and new to us. Perhaps at some future day we may tell of more small matters which at the time were not so small or trifling to us.

AUNT ALICE.

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* All stores are called "shops," in Great Britain.

TALKING ABOUT THE ABSENT.

A man would get a very false notion of his standing among his friends and acquaintances if it were possible—as many would like to have it possible—to know what is said of him behind his back. One day he would go about in a glow of self-esteem; and the next he would be bowed under a miserable sense of misapprehension and distrust. It would be impossible for him to put this and that together and "strike an average." The fact is, there is a strange human tendency to take the present friend into present confidence. With strong natures this tendency proves often a stumbling-block—with weak natures it amounts to fickleness. It is a proof, no doubt, of the universal brotherhood; but one has to watch lest, in an unguarded moment, it lead him into ever so slight disloyalty to the absent.

It is a nice question—how much liberty may we allow ourselves in talking of our absent friends? It is very clear that we may discuss their virtues as much as we choose. That is a holy exercise. But their failings! I think it may be considered a sign that we have gone too far when we sweep away all our fault-finding, our nice balancing of qualities and analyzation of character, in a sudden storm of adulation.

I suppose the distinction between the *different* grades of friendship should be made clear. Let us say—acquaintances, friends, intimates. Most persons can easily place the people whom they know under these three heads. Now it does seem not only natural but desirable that there should be free, though always loyal and kindly, discussion as to the antecedents, the surroundings, the prejudices, the whims, the characters of those with whom we are thrown in contact, and who come under the first two heads. We may thus learn to bear more easily with their eccentricities, to appreciate their good points, to judge how far we should allow their views to affect ours. As for the third class—go to! is not love its own law?—*Scribner.*

The Private Art Gallery of Mr. Samuel B. Fales of Philadelphia.

I wish I could put into words the quaint charm of this collection. The rooms themselves are rather dim, yet so tinctured everywhere with art that their influence passes into the brain with a kind of incantation, far more penetrating than all that can be said of them. The rarities with which they are replete, in their hushed and tenderly-lighted multitude, are a volume full of matter for those who understand and for those who remember. Generally the precincts are hushed and solitary. Now and then there leaves them some one of the brotherhood of collectors, yellow with the most barren of the passions, and capable of stealing the little Couture or the little Meissonier that would go into a pocket-book. Now it is an artist who enters, and slips into the farthest corner for his lesson from some obscure masterpiece. Now it is Church, the landscape-painter, taking furtive notes in his travelling-hat, and pronouncing the collection "the most instructive he has ever seen." Now it is a committee-man, bland and official, soliciting some of the blackest of the pictures for a loan exhibition. He receives a courteous and utter refusal, served with coals of fire in the form of hearty invitations to come often, with all his friends, to see the treasures on the walls which they never leave. When company is gone the antiquary himself curls his white moustache in front of this canvas or that, slowly growing brown as he is growing gray, and eloquent for him with an expressiveness that the cleverest amateur visitor cannot understand.—*From the Private Art Collections of Philadelphia, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

LOVE NOT ELOQUENT.

Oh, young ladies, you are unwise in expecting eloquence from a lover! A man who really loves you will never be eloquent before he is assured of your state of feeling towards him; not always—I should say, on the contrary, rarely—then. When your beauty, your grace, accomplishments, good qualities, &c., have wrought on a man to such a degree that he feels the world can give him nothing comparable to your love; when the very sight of you at a distance makes his heart flutter; when he feels jealous of every man under the age of sixty who approaches you, and is tempted to strangle every good-looking coxcomb who pays you a compliment; when, half distracted by the alternations of hope and despair, he ventures at last to learn his fate from your lips—do you expect eloquence at such a time? If you do, you expect him to behave as a man in love never would or could behave. Nothing is easier than flirtation with a woman you do not love. Of course you like her a little, or you would not take the trouble to flirt with her. But when you begin to love a woman you are no longer capable of flirtation. When your admirer is awkward and timid, and silent, and hardly dares to look at you; when his hand trembles at the chance contact with yours, and he hardly dares to hold it lest he should offend you; when, at last, after a sore struggle, there comes the faltering avowal from the overcharged heart, in these few but expressive words, "I love you!"—then, if I were a woman, I should feel well pleased to dispense with the eloquence of words.

THE RECEPTION OF HERR ABT.

Our German fellow-citizens have enjoyed a week of subdued excitement. They have had among them a real composer—Herr Franz Abt—who has sought this promising country to take part in some musical demonstrations. Herr Abt is not a great composer. He will not take rank with Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, or even with Carl Maria von Weber. It is possible that he has written an opera, but his merits in that line are not known to Americans. He is the author of some graceful compositions of a minor character—such as songs, choruses, and piano-forte compositions—the sort of music, indeed, which our vocal associations find best adapted to their purposes; hence, Herr Abt was considered worthy of an ovation. They gave him a torchlight procession and a serenade, a concert at the Academy of Music, and a silver goblet. The torchlight procession compensated in enthusiasm for what it wanted in numbers. The serenade, which was made up entirely of compositions of Abt, was well sung, and the concert was perfect in the selections which were made and in the execution of the music.—*Dispatch.*

THE BATH IN SMALL-POX.

Dr. Stokes, Regius Professor, of Dublin, says, "We cannot doubt that the mortality in small-pox hospitals would be greatly diminished by the use of the bath." After describing a very severe case of confluent small-pox in which the patient was kept alive only by stimulants, he says the trial of the warm bath was suggested to him by Mr. Smyly. "The effect was instantaneous and marvellous. The delirium ceased as if by magic. It was the delirium of pain; and the patient exclaimed, 'Thank God! thank God! I am in Heaven! I am in Heaven! Why didn't you do this before?' The fever immediately and completely disappeared, so that, on entering the ward, no one could suppose that there was a case of small-pox in it. He was kept at least seven hours in the bath." This case, and its singular result, in addition to the experience of Hebra, justify the recommendation of the use of the bath.

RAIN-DROPS.

"Tot is at the window-pane,
Watching little drops of rain;
Down the glass they patter-patter;
Tottie wonders what's the matter.
Thoughtfully she lifts her eyes
Upward to the darkened skies;
Earnestly and long she gazes;
Very sad her little face is,
As she turns and questions, 'Why,
Mamma, do the angels cry?'"

PERSONAL.

VICTOR EMMANUEL dresses like a North American Indian when he goes hunting.

THE Empress Eugenie is convalescing.

CANADA has few or no women suffragists.

PRINCE KAMEHAMEHAMEHAMEHAMEHA, or something of that sort, is on his way from the Sandwich Islands to this city, for the purpose of improving his mind. This is the proper place for that purpose.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG made on Saturday night, May 11, her first appearance, since her return to England, at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, as *Linda di Chamounix*. The house was crowded, and the prima donna was repeatedly encored. The newspapers speak well of her performance.

MR. N. H. M'NEILE, a son of the Dean of Ripon, was recently ordained a deacon in the Church of England. Although blind from infancy, he has made such use of embossed books—classical, mathematical, and theological—that he graduated with honors, and took a prize for Hebrew in the University of Dublin.

THE editor of a New Haven paper (kindness to his family and relatives makes us forbear giving his name) thinks "the melancholy days have come," because they are the "shad-est of the year."

NILSSON has substantial reasons for liking the Yankees, for she carries back to the effete continent of Europe $255,000 as the results of eighteen months' warbling. When she heard that Parepa was to sail on the same vessel with her, she secured the captain's room by paying $100 extra, and there, in solitary grandeur, her meals were to be served, except when she should deign to invite some fellow-voyager to share with her the cheerful steak and the consolatory champagne.

A Maxim of Washington.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience," was one of the series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstance so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanation in his account book in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visits to camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports—that name being regarded as ample guarantee of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was understood.

Expenses of the London Clubs.

An enormous amount of money is spent annually in these establishments. Most of them keep from fifty to a hundred servants, and their daily expenditure is on a huge scale. Judged by New York rates, club life is very cheap.

Breakfast	.50
Luncheon	.30
Dinner, with half pint of sherry, and beer at will	$1.25
Total	$2.05

And then, be it remembered, all you have is of the very best, and it is not the custom to fee the waiters. You can quite make yourself cosily at home at some clubs. There are snug corners in the libraries; delicious easy-chairs; the books you like; the waiter who knows your little ways. Bachelors and widowers whose homes have been broken up use clubs most. Many elderly men who otherwise would find their existence sadly desolate have a home in them. They meet those similarly circumstanced, dine together, play whist or billiards together, talk over by-gone days and by-gone friends, and so life glides easily and comfortably down the hill with them, and to many these days are not improbably their happiest. These fogies are, however, by no means a source of unmitigated satisfaction to the younger members, who resent their sniffings, snortings, and old gentlemen tricks. Indeed, it is sometimes found necessary to remonstrate. At the *Oxford and Cambridge Club* these remonstrances have been made with a degree of freedom which other societies have not yet dared to imitate, and a member who had a pleasant habit of puffing and blowing which procured him the sobriquet of "the grampus," was formally remonstrated with by the committee.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

METEORS REAL FALLING STARS!

Thus says Mr. Lassell, President of the London Astronomical Society:—"Meteors and other celestial phenomena of like nature, which a century ago were regarded as atmospheric phenomena, are now proved to belong to the stellar regions, and to be in truth—falling stars. They have the same relation to comets as the asteroids have to the planets;" in both cases their prodigious numbers make up for their small size. "We may presume," continues Mr. Lassell, "that it is certain that falling stars, meteors, and aerolites, differ in size only, and not in composition; and that they are an example of what the universe is composed of. As in them we find no elements foreign to those of the earth, we may infer the similarity of composition of all the universe: a fact already suggested by the revelations of the spectroscope." It is hardly possible for an astronomer to think of the researches here briefly described without a glow of admiration.

☞ HIGH HEELS.—Nearly all the corns, bunions, incurvation of nails, etc., which are peculiar to civilization, being unknown pedal troubles in savage or barbarian life, are traceable to high heels. Notwithstanding shoemakers know this to be true, they continue the fashion, which gives employment to chiropodists—or, as they are known in plainer language, corn doctors—a lucrative profession, which thrives by the folly of those who would rather be lame than wear easy shoes or boots of vulgar patterns. Any elevation of the heel drives the toes into closer quarters, and corns develop to notify the individual there is not room enough at the point of the shoe. Being too tight across the ball of the great toe joint inflames it extensively; that is a bunion. If the pressure is not removed, which is the only permanent relief, a distortion of the toe joints follows, and a perpetual crop of corns is as certain as seed-time and harvest. No heels—none of that trouble if the shoes are moderately loose.

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IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

In the month of May, when the chestnuts bloom,
  And the white cones rise in the clear blue sky,
Oh, then I think of the dear old home
  That stands far off—in the years gone by!
Oh my home! my old dear home!
  That I never more shall see,
The breath of the spring, through lilac boughs,
  Brings sad, sweet dreams to me.

The grass is as green as grass can be,
  And sprinkled all over the daisies blow;
By the iron gate is the chestnut tree,
  And the walls gleam white in the summer glow.
Oh my home! my gladsome home!
  Is the sunshine round you still?
Are you standing yet, so white, so green,
  On the road beneath the hill?

But I never see you by moonlight pale,
  Or on misty evenings when clouds rain low,
Or strewn with red leaves by the autumn gale,
  Or looming dark through the falling snow.
Oh my home! my bright old home!
  My home that was always bright,
Your picture is bound in a golden frame
  With Childhood, and Morning, and Light.

And could I fly, like the bird of spring,
  Over town and mountain, and over the sea,
I would not rest my wandering wing
  By the gleaming walls—on the chestnut tree.
Oh my home! my merry old home!
  That was once so glad, so gay;
It has lost the light of the eyes I loved,
  And the voices are hushed for aye.

In another home—in another land,
  Where God is the sun, and there comes no night—
Is gathering up the beloved band
  That filled the old house with love and light.
Oh sweet home! Oh distant home!
  Oh home where I hope to be!
Shall I stand some day at your gate, and hold
  Dear hands stretched out to me?

Meanwhile, in the blossomy month of May,
  Green month of white blossoms, too sweet to last,
I think of the home, where, like one bright day,
  The enchanted summers of childhood passed.
Old home of the dawn and the dew!
  That I turn from the sunset to see,
Were it not for the hope of the home above,
  Could I bear to remember thee?

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

Wil Rokeby, as we have already intimated, was of a headstrong, passionate nature, and the surest and quickest way to make him exhibit a rebellious spirit was to constrain him to pursue any particular course. Therefore, when he found himself seized, in the presence of Daisy, by arm and wrist, and hauled along passages, down stairs, through antechambers—he could not tell where, he was towed so swiftly—he struggled with excellent strength, and did his utmost to prevent Meggy carrying out her good intentions.

There was not the faintest tinge of the white feather in his composition; and the notion of bolting, as it were, in a condition of scare before Mark Jarrett and his coadjutor, Martin Stoke, was most objectionable to him.

He would have stood his ground before four hundred Mark Jarretts, backed by thrice that number of Martin Stokes, and dared all the injury they could have offered him, without a faltering eyelid or a blanched cheek; but to be compelled to ignominious flight before two only—one of each—and that by a woman, was too great a trial for his impetuous spirit to submit quietly to. Consequently, he resisted, and struggled, and spoke—even shouted angrily—but to no purpose—to worse than no purpose, for Meggy had plenty of *physique*, quite as strong a will as he had, and she brought his resistance to an issue by whipping him up in her arms, and running with him with remarkable speed into a laundry, where she deposited him upon a heap of clothes gathered for the wash, and then ran and locked and bolted the door on the inside.

Boiling with rage, Wil leaped to his feet, and advanced to the door, to force it open, intending, with unreasoning frenzy, to encounter Mark Jarrett, if he were without, and hurl defiance, whatever that might mean—for he did not trouble himself to think about it—to his teeth.

Meggy, however, was not the less to be put aside or snuffed-out by anybody; and greatly as she respected and liked Wil, she had a very much greater reverence and love for Mark Jarrett's Daisy. She had no notion, therefore, of permitting any sensitive considerations for his dignity, manliness, or courage on his part, to jeopardize the position of her young mistress.

She threw herself before him with a face as red as his own, and with as resolute a manner she bade him remain quietly where he was for a time.

"You keep yourself out of harm's way, if you please, sir," she said, with sparkling eyes, and a significant nod of the head. "There bain't no occasion for you to flurry a bit of red rag in the face of a mad bull. Let Master Mark Jarrett bide, and bide where you be, and you'll be safe."

"I fear not Mark Jarrett, nor any man living," he interposed, tempestuously. "I will not run like a cur from any danger, especially such danger as there may be in facing Mark Jarrett."

"If I be talking of you I bain't thinking of you, but of Miss Daisy," responded Meggy, quickly. "If there'd been only you to think about, I wouldn't have pulled you out of Master Mark Jarrett's way. You could have had your tussle out for me. I'd only have looked on, to see fair play between man and man. But there's Miss Daisy to care about. If you kick up a bobbery, you will get her, poor, dear young lady, into trouble and mischief—some dreadful mischief, too; whereas, if you'll only be still, Master Mark Jarrett won't be any the wiser than before about your seeing her. He will believe that Tib only has made his way in to deliver a message, and all will go off smooth. Now, sir, you can kick up a shine if you want to get Miss Daisy into sore trouble."

"Not for the world!" ejaculated Wil, growing calm and subdued in a moment.

As soon as Meggy perceived that he had, at the bare mention of the possibility of trouble coming to Daisy, subsided into a tractable frame of mind, she laughed, and cried, and chattered in a breath, saying how Tib, in an explosion of jealousy, had obtruded his little, manly form on Abel Stoke, by way of warning him that if he made eyes and talked soft nonsense, to a young party entered in the human race as Margaret Mythewaite, trouble to him would come of it, and that Abel Stoke, with a sagacity which had some strange and hidden meaning, at sight of him leaped to the conclusion that if the man was beneath that roof the master was not far away. This conviction he had, without a moment's loss of time, conveyed to Martin Stoke, his ancient relative, who had as promptly communicated with Mark Jarrett.

"Tib's drawn a red-herring across their path, though," concluded Meggy, chuckling, as she used the language of the hunting-field. "He will take Master Mark Jarrett and old Martin for a trot over the hills yonder, and as soon as the road is clear at the back, I will run you down the garden, and then you must get clear away by yourself. But, pray, pray do not let Master Mark Jarrett think for a moment you had a talk with Miss Daisy. He will kill her, surely, if he knew she looked at you without trying to do you some injury."

"Do you know why?" asked Wil, hoping to glean some clue, however slight, to the cause of Mark Jarrett's vindictive feelings towards him.

But Meggy could not afford him the slightest information. All she knew was that at the Grange Mark Jarrett had given orders, if Mr. Wilfred Rokeby set foot within its grounds, he was to be shot down like a dog, and the same injunctions were in force in the house which then sheltered him.

Meggy left him a prisoner for a short time, but quickly returned, and bade him follow her with his lightest step and best speed.

"Think only that if you be discovered," she whispered, "poor Miss Daisy will suffer as much as you, and then run beneath the trees like a corn-crake through the stubble."

Wil did not relish stealing away in this fashion; but for the sake of Daisy, he would have crawled away on his hands and knees. Yet when he successfully gained the bottom of the garden, he could not refrain looking back at the house.

At one of the windows, to his joy, he perceived a slight female form. He raised his hat, and kissed the tips of his fingers. He beheld a small hand raised to the face belonging to that feminine form, very much as if his salute was responded to in the same fashion.

At the same moment he heard Meggy, in a tone of tribulation, exclaim—

"Dear'ee me, it be Miss Daisy. She be as bold as you, and twice as foolish. Get along, sir—I've not a dry thread about me."

Wil felt himself pushed hurriedly onward, propelled, as it were, along a grove of young limes, and eventually out into a half-formed lane at the rear of the opposite gardens, and pursued it quickly, until, after some turning and winding, he gained a main road, and by means of a cab returned to his own home, pretty confidently assured that Mark Jarrett, so far as he was concerned, had had a wild-goose chase.

He at once communicated to his mother the ill-success of his mission to Daisy, and without exactly revealing the state of his heart as the anxious cause which urged him to obtain all the information respecting her which might be attainable, he entreated her to tell him, not only all she knew, but all she thought about her—for that she did think about her frequently, and with a peculiar earnestness and anxiety, he had already discovered.

"I know absolutely nothing of her, beyond what was well known to all about Fairholme and Hazelbrook," she replied, with tears standing thickly and suddenly in her eyes, greatly to Wil's perplexity. "What I think, however, what I am certainly urged to believe, what I am sure I hope in this strange business, I am bound to keep for the present concealed. The name and fame of others—one near and very dear to me—are closely identified with the conjectures, speculations, I may say the wishes, this wonderful girl has raised, and they must not be imperilled. Yet the day is not far—cannot be far—distant when the mystery, which, like the fabled snake of the Laocoon, entwines us in his folds, shall be destroyed, and we shall stand face to face with our destiny—whether it be a long future of affliction or a blissful period of unchecked happiness."

And this was all he could gather from her; for, indeed, it seemed after this conversation as if she studiously kept out of his way, and pursued her mania for horses more devotedly than ever, weeding out her stables and adding to them, buying and selling, exchanging and giving away, until it seemed that she had no object in life but the training and management of thoroughbred horses, and the possession of a stable which should have the reputation of being unequalled.

His father, too, avoided being alone with him; or if accident caused a *tête-à-tête* between them, he spoke volubly upon commonplace topics, which but a short time previously he had scouted as frivolous. He betrayed by his eyes, and by his embarrassed manner, that he was acting, as well as studiously evading the subject of a marriage with Gabrielle, which Wil expected every moment to be launched at him like a thunderbolt, accompanied by a menace of disinheritance if he offered any opposition to the arrangement. It was a satisfactory relief to him to find it never alluded to or hinted at; but it did not abate his wonder as to its meaning.

Another subject which occasioned him some mystified speculation was the conduct of Gabrielle. Her mien and manner outwardly were much as they had hitherto been, save that her once indolent eye appeared now to be restless and uneasy in its movements, and her fair, even brow—peculiar, perhaps, for its constantly unruffled serenity—had a slight cloud visible, especially when she believed herself to be unnoticed, which indicated an aching of the heart. But her proceedings were different.

Until she arrived in London, she had been rather retired in her habits, passed a great deal of time in her own boudoir, apparently a martyr to needlework, and appeared in society, at dinner parties or evening *re-unions*, only when it would have been more remarked if she had been absent.

She had, it is true, permitted herself to be homaged, and flattered, and complimented; but she had accepted the adulatory attentions as if they were evidences of frivolous absurdities and idiotic vaporings, which had to be endured when she came in contact with brainless puppies and fools.

She had excepted Colonel Waldron and the Earl of Marston from this sweeping condemnation, although she feared the former, and tolerated the latter for the sake of his coronet. All the rest, apparently, made as much impression upon her as they would have done if she had been a marble statue whom they were puffing incense smoke at.

In London, however, it seemed as if she could not rest an hour in her own rooms, or even in the mansion. When she could, she rather forced her company on Mrs. Rokeby, conquering her dislike to riding such high-mettled cattle as her *pseudo*-aunt possessed rather than to be left at home alone.

She would make excuses to secure some attendance from Mr. Rokeby if Mrs. Rokeby failed her, or she would attach herself to Bertie Rokeby, and make him play the part of Cicerone, Cicisbeo—anything rather than be compelled to remain in the mansion for want of a companion to accompany her abroad.

Every invitation to assemblies, parties, receptions, balls in her power to accept she accepted, and seemed, with a species of madness, which was, however, qualified by her calm, cold exterior, to plunge into all the gayeties of the season, utterly indifferent either to the remarks it might occasion or to its effect upon her health.

She never asked Wil to be her companion to any of the circles she visited, or to the various places of amusement. She scarcely interchanged a word with him when she did meet him in society—behaviour which Mr. Rokeby observing fancied he could explain if it were needed. But when she did meet him alone—quite alone, with no one near to observe them—he noticed a strange tenderness in the expression of her eyes, and a kind of plaintive appealing tone in her voice, which seemed to say—

"Do not turn your heart from me, Wil. I shall surely need a friend one day. Be thou one to me."

It was strange, perhaps, that he should thus interpret the silent language conveyed to him by her through a look, and the mere intonation of her voice, because he could not reconcile it with his knowledge of the condition of things; but there was an indefinable something which forbade him seeking an explanation of this peculiarity from her. Yet it worried and perplexed him.

He had also, not exactly a repugnance, but rather an unwillingness to venture a remark upon her new and, to him, incomprehensible mania for pleasure—not only for the gratification to be obtained by mingling in the gayest circles, but the yearning she betrayed for the attentions and homage of men of *ton* and position; so that she had in quite a brief space of time commanded and retained a following which some others of her sex, more sprightly and less scrupulous than she, essayed in vain to secure. In this following, too, the young Earl of Marston was a conspicuous object.

It was, however, a subject, under the tie which bound him to her, demanding investigation, because he perceived that it had its origin in some secret and powerful reason; and coupling it with the utterly inexplicable relations which had so long subsisted between his parents, he formed the resolution of secretly devoting himself to the task of unriddling the whole enigma.

And to do it alone, and without entrusting one living individual with his determination. He knew that he must discover, select, and use various instruments; but not even to one of these would he confide his real purpose.

No, not even to his Cousin Bertie, for in some strange way, and without offering even the shadow of an excuse, he, too, had rather estranged himself since the very day Wil had discovered Mark Jarrett's Daisy in the park, and had followed her.

Ah, here was the secret, and almost the sole incentive, which urged Wilfred to attempt the part of amateur detective; his love for Mark Jarrett's Daisy—his pure, unselfish, unqualified, unsullied adoration of Mark Jarrett's Daisy, unmingled with the most transient liking for any other one of her sex whom he had seen or was seeing; and he was every day and night meeting and associating with some of the most lovely young women the world could produce.

All his aspirations for honor, fame, high and ennobling; for grandeur, or more subdued splendor; for exciting gayety and enjoyments, or serener happiness, were centred, concentrated, in the love and possession of Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

His senses had been fascinated by, not only the beauty of her face and form, but by that grand act which had, at imminent peril to herself, rescued his mother from destruction; and what there might have been wanting to complete his conquest was contributed at his last interview with her.

And now his self-communings told him that he loved her passionately, madly, frenziedly, distractedly; but they also told him that he loved her in the spirit of an untainted integrity, with the honor and pure faith of a true man, with an unchangeable, inflexible, enduring, unquenchable love, such as might be, and should be, the glory of the most peerless lady in the world to have created; that he might die, but that he would never swerve from his devotion; and that nothing which could happen to her, to reduce her to the humblest and poorest condition, without impugning her purity, would alter his affection for her, or his determination to make her his wife.

Now he asked himself, who was Mark Jarrett? What authority conferred on him a right of guardianship over her, and, what was a yet more important consideration, the right to control her destiny?

What were the circumstances which had raised a mortal enmity between his father and Mark Jarrett—circumstances which roused the latter to such a fury that he would not hesitate at murder if it brought him a moiety in the shape of revenge?

With this recurred his mission to Dovedale, and the counterparts of Mark Jarrett and his Daisy, whom he had so mysteriously unkennelled there, and about whom he had several times indulged in fruitless conjectures. These additional memories, combined with others of his early days, and many more recent events, which were not reducible to simple explanation, justified him, in his own mind, for penetrating without delay into the family mysteries and secrets, and in making himself master of them, so that he might have some definite ground for shaping his future.

Dean, the house steward, being one of the oldest and one of the most confidential of his father's servants, appeared to him to be the individual whom it would be safest to examine with reference to the past. But he did not, and never had, liked the man, and, therefore, foresaw that he would have to employ no little skill in eliciting from him the information he wished without raising in the man's mind a suspicion as to his purpose.

While on his way to Dean's room—a very different chamber to that which Titus Vink had laid under contribution—he encountered his mother, who displayed, to his surprise, very unusual excitement and agitation.

He stopped to speak with her; but she broke from him, saying—

"Do not detain me now, Wil, my pet. I have just received tidings of the death of the Earl of Templecombe—Mark Vane Gray Guy Luttrell—the results of which I cannot venture now to imagine."

An instant more, and she had vanished.

What did she mean? Who was the Earl of Templecombe, whose death should occasion inconceivable results?

He had a vague notion that he had heard the title in some connection with Gabrielle's name, but he did not now remember what.

Before he could recover from his mystification, he saw his father emerge from his room, attired for a journey. He was followed by his groom, bearing on his shoulder a portmanteau.

"By-by, Wil, for the present," exclaimed his father, as he was hurrying past him; but Wil detained him by the arm.

"Where are you going, sir, so suddenly, may I ask?" he interrogated.

His father shook him off.

"I've not a moment to spare now, Wil. The Earl of Templecombe is dead. The event involves considerations of vast magnitude. What the results may prove it is impossible even for me to perceive."

Liberating himself, he hurried away, and with his groom was lost to view in a moment.

"This is new matter," muttered Wil, perfectly bewildered. "Dean, I suppose, will be able to tell me who the Earl of Templecombe was, and what are our family connections with him."

As he proceeded towards Dean's chamber, he heard the rapid pattering of steps behind him. He turned, and beheld Colonel Waldron, who looked heated, flushed, and excited.

"Mrs. Rokeby is from home," he gasped, out of breath; "but Mr. Rokeby, your father, where is he, Wilfred?"

"He has left the house, too—gone away on a journey," answered Wil, looking at him with surprise.

"Gone? How long? Which way? I must see him!" said the Colonel, with extreme eagerness.

"Only a few minutes. I hope nothing serious or unpleasant has occurred to make an interview with him urgent," observed Wil, his astonishment by no means abated.

"The Earl of Templecombe is dead," returned the Colonel, strangely disordered. "The issues are gigantic. What will happen, who can fathom? We must be prepared for—anything!"

Releasing Wil's wrist, he dashed off with the speed of a boy, and left Wil once more calm, and not a little confounded.

He, however, prosecuted his purpose of visiting Dean's room, and found that worthy just on the eve of quitting it, dressed as if he, too, contemplated a journey.

"I want to speak a few words with you, Dean," he said, in a distant tone. "You are going out, I see. You must delay your visit for some little time."

"Can't very well do it now, Mr. Wilfred," returned Dean, with a tone the familiarity of which jarred on Wil's ears. "Particular engagement."

"Hang your engagement," responded Wil, angrily; "it must wait. I want you."

"But you must be likely to want, Mr. Wilfred, this time," returned Dean, almost defiantly. "Matters have occurred of the greatest importance. I can't conjecture what the consequences may be if you keep me here another minute."

"Well, don't speculate upon them, for here you will remain until I have finished my catechism," rejoined Wil, with a stern, authoritative tone. "That is to say, if you attempt to go, you will do so at your peril."

"Very well, sir," replied Dean, half insolently; "you must take the consequences of your proceedings. I wash my hands of them."

"I am prepared at all times for any consequences," rejoined Wil, emphatically. "You may wash your hands in safety; and if you were to do so a little oftener it would be all the better for the articles you handle. Now, sir, attend to me."

Dean sniffed and coughed, and determined to exhibit as much opposition as he dared; but as he was quite unprepared for what was coming, he quickly forgot his resolution in the interest of the matter which came up for discussion, and the prospect it seemed to hold out to him to promote his selfish ends.

"You are, of course, very well acquainted with the events which have taken place in our family since my father's marriage to my mother?" commenced Wil, with a reflective air.

"I should think so, Mr. Wilfred," almost interpolated Dean, "seeing I have never been out of the family since that time."

"I know little or nothing of them," he pursued. "I have been reared away from home, and since I have arrived at an age to make those events interesting to me I have felt little curiosity or inclination to make myself acquainted with them; but a circumstance happening to-day has, I confess, excited my wonder, and as there is no one else at hand, I have sought you to give me a solution of it."

Dean had just previously heard that Titus Vink, after a prolonged interview with Mr. Rokeby, had quitted the house by the principal entrance, while he had been awaiting him at the private outlet, and as he considered it to be of the greatest moment to his mercenary plans that he should know all that had passed at that interview, he had determined to follow Vink, and by menaces of denouncement as well as threats of personal violence to make him disgorge all the secret information he had acquired from any source, and had communicated to Mr. Rokeby, as well as all he had received from that gentleman.

In this intention he was thwarted by the sudden appearance of Wilfred in his chamber; and when he heard his last observation he at once concluded that he was making reference to the subject uppermost in his mind, so he said, bluntly—

"You mean, of course, the closeting of that impostor and sham—that terrier-faced, meeting-house swindler, rogue and thief, Titus Vink—with your blinded and deluded father?"

Wilfred started and frowned.

"Dean," he exclaimed, in a tone which, if the person addressed be timid he does not regard as reassuring, "you know me to be impetuous; you know—or, at least, let me impress upon you—that I respect and honor my father, therefore, if in my hearing you utter one word respecting him derogatory, aspersive, or calumniatory, I shall take the law in my own hands, and you will find my administration of it both prompt and effective. Now, I did not know that my father had admitted to a private interview any person bearing such a knavish character as you have described; but, since you have adverted to such a circumstance, I will talk it over with you presently. Firstly, however, tell me, are you acquainted in any degree with Mark Vane Gray Guy Luttrell Earl of Templecombe?"

Dean laughed, scornfully.

"I should think so," he returned, with a shrug of the shoulders; "and of course you are, too, Mr. Wilfred, I should fancy."

"I have a vague notion only that he was a connection of Miss Luttrell's," rejoined Wilfred, scrutinizing Dean's face without appearing to do so.

"Miss Gabrielle's?" asked Dean, with a significance which Wilfred did not comprehend.

"Certainly! Who else?" he answered.

Dean shrugged his shoulders and coughed.

"A son of the old earl's married a sister of your mamma—an elder sister—Miss Helen Amy Vaux, a very lovely, high-spirited young creature, who was known all over the country as the Fay," he responded.

"And, therefore, was the mother of Gabrielle," appended Wil.

Again Dean shrugged his shoulders, and coughed, as he remarked—

"Not exactly therefore. There is no doubt that Miss Helen Vaux—your mamma's sister—was married to Gray Luttrell, one of the twin sons of the Earl of Templecombe; but that Miss Gabrielle *is*—— But, there, it doesn't become me to speak of that doubt."

Wil remembered in an instant what his mother on a former occasion had said to him about the mystery connected with her family and that his father had mixed himself up with it, and had set himself the task of working a path of safety out of perilous complications in connection with it. The peculiar observations of Dean evidently pointed, not only to this, but the possibility that Gabrielle was not his cousin after all.

It is impossible to describe the throng of emotions which took possession of his frame as this suspicion flashed through his mind; but he made a strong effort to preserve outwardly a calm demeanor.

"I begin to see my way a little clearer," he said, after a moment's pause. "You spoke of twin sons of the Earl of Templecombe. Of courses one of the two was the elder; which was it—Gray Luttrell, my mother's brother-in-law?"

"That point was never decided," returned Dean, as if he had fallen into a "brown study." "It ought to have been before both died."

"Are both dead?" interrogated Wil, quickly.

"Both," responded Dean emphatically. "You see, sir, the difficulty lies here, it ain't yet known whether Gray was eldest or Guy. It is not known whether Guy was married or not. There is a rumor that he was; but no one can prove it, unless it be your father, and he knows more about the matter than any one else, and a precious sight more than he chooses to tell."

"Indeed," thought Wil. "It shall go hard but I gain possession of that secret."

Then he added, in a loud key—

"Go on. It is known that Gray was married to Helen Vaux?"

"Yes; but what has become of her or her offspring is not known," replied Dean, quietly. "There's the rub, because of the succession, for the Earl of Templecombe is a miser. He is enormously wealthy, and whoever is entitled to the property will be immensely wealthy when he dies."

"Mark Vane Guy Gray Luttrell Earl of Templecombe is dead," responded Wil, anxious to ascertain what effect the communication would have on the house-steward, and to gather from his behaviour what information he possessed on the subject worthy of extraction.

He very quickly ascertained, for Dean bounded backwards as if a blunderbuss had been fired at him.

"Dead!" he cried, with unaffected agitation; "dead! The Earl dead! Are you sure? Who did you hear it from, Mr. Willy? Any reliable authority? It cannot be true!"

"My mother told me—my father also; and in addition, Colonel Waldron," replied Wil, with emphasis. "It, therefore, is true."

"Colonel Waldron—eh? Colonel Waldron—ho, ho!" ejaculated Dean, with an excited whistle. "He will go to work like a steam engine. He means mischief; but he does not know that I mean to spoil his pretty little game. I must see Joyce Stoke instanter, for this is news indeed."

Before Wilfred could intervene to submit another question, or interpose a hand to stay him, he rushed out of the room without heeding his lusty commands for him to remain.

Wil had, however, now some ground to work upon, and he resolved to prosecute his investigation without any loss of time.

"It is clear," he murmured to himself, "that the child of Helen Amy, wife of Gray Luttrell, will inherit the large property the earl has left. Who is that person? Gabrielle? I fear, for her sake, not. But who? Would it were Mark Jarrett's Daisy! Yet no; I would take her to my heart without a single other possession in the world than her own loveliness."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY AND ABEL STOKE.

Mark Jarrett's Daisy, after her hurried parting from Wil, sought with the speed of a summer swallow her own little chamber, into which she admitted no one but Meggy, and not even that devoted and strong-wristed young female, unless she found some amusement and relief from dull thoughts in her garrulity and peculiar speculations upon the somewhat incongruous way "folk" whose hearts yearned for each other, but whose forms did not so well coincide, were brought together.

On the present occasion she did not extend to Meggy the privilege, or even the opportunity, of invading the sanctity of her cosy little nest; nor, indeed, any one else, for she resolved to be alone with her own thoughts—in the full meaning of the word, alone with them.

To ensure this, she turned the key on the approaches to her chamber.

And now, positive that no eye save that of Heaven itself could see her, she pressed her hands upon her heart, and with a beaming expression on her young and beautiful face, which rendered it more like what the most poetic mind would deem to be an angel's, she murmured, with quivering, trembling, thrilling lips—

"He loves me!"

Yet he had not said one word, or breathed a hint of the real state of his feelings to her. He had only mentioned the respect which was her due, and his own gratitude for the service she had been so happily able to render his mother at a critical moment, when she was the last person within a mile who might have been expected to perform that courageous act. Not a word more of himself.

But he looked!

It was what he looked, not what he said, to which she referred in that sudden little outburst. It was what his eyes said—those rich, deep, fervent, eloquent eyes, which expressed to her volumes upon volumes of a language that shamed all coined words into poverty-stricken types of thought and feeling. Those eyes, which with such unequivocal distinctness cried out to her, though voicelessly—

"I love thee! I adore thee! I worship thee! thou star supreme!"

What delicious, inexpressibly blissful entrancement there was in this interpretation of the rays that emanated with a soft yet lustrous intensity from his radiant eyes.

What deep, immeasurable joy it imparted to her could only be gathered by her kneeling and raising her streaming eyes heavenward, and repeating, in low, tremulous, indescribably joyous tones—

"He loves me! he loves me!"

And then she bowed her sweet young face, and hid it in her hands, weeping hysterically—happy, happy tears, though not untinged with sorrow; yet with far more happiness than sorrow.

For she loved Wil with a fullness of adoration she had never dreamed she could have felt for any living human being. She could find no words that gave a faint notion to her mind of the extreme affection for him he had created in her soul. How poor, how meagre, that word affection seemed to her as representing the boundless love she gave him. And to think, to feel, to know without words, for she wanted them not, that he adored her as fully, as unreservedly, as truthfully, and as fondly as she did him.

Was that not in itself sufficient cause for a joy which could have no parallel—at least, on earth? What could rob her of it? It might be—it seemed but too hatefully probable it would be—that uncontrollable worldly circumstances might keep them apart on earth, but they could not keep them apart in the Happier Land, where no earthly considerations have an existence; and that undebarred reunion, whatever might be her trials and afflictions on earth, was a blissful anticipation, a dear possession, an unqualified felicity, which no living enemy could deprive her of.

And then came the question, who might, could, or would be that enemy, and with it that yet more grave interrogatory, "What am I?"

She asked herself in what relation she stood to Mark Jarrett. She was endowed with no common intelligence, and that intellectuality had been sharpened by the manner in which he had reared her. She was convinced that he had adopted her in no ordinary way, as he might have taken any orphan girl to rear as his own out of mere human sympathy. She was certain that he had selected her with a purpose, and, so far as she could conjecture, it was one of revenge.

If this were true, what had created the revenge, and what identification had she with the cause that should render her a more fitting instrument to wreak his vengeance than any other?

She thought of her parents: wondering, but only for an instant, who they could have been, for she did not doubt they were dead, or they would not have parted with her never to even look upon her again. There was something so heart-breaking in her surmises respecting them that, to relieve herself from spasms of unendurable agony, she dismissed them from her thoughts whenever they rose up unbidden in her memory.

It was not at all improbable that she should be again thrown in contact with Wilfred—happy consummation of circumstances that would bring them together again—and it would be well for her to be prepared to grant hope rather than receive it, or to bid farewell to it forever during the term of her future life.

But how were the questions which were thronging into her mind to be answered? Who was to answer them?

There came a tapping at the door.

She rose to her feet, smoothed her tresses, removed from her long lashes the drops of crystal dew yet clinging there, and gliding with a light step to the door, she opened it and beheld Abel Stoke.

She started, and a flush of vermilion sprang up into her cheeks. It flashed through her mind that before her stood a living answer to her mental interrogatory.

Abel Stoke saw the upspringing of the roseate color into her cheeks at sight of him, and at once his face became aflame, only to change to a ghastly sallow, and he trembled in every limb.

"What do you want, Abel?" she inquired, in a less distant tone than she was accustomed to adopt towards him.

She put the question to him, for he stood as if he were dazed, and had lost his speech.

He started slightly at the sound of her voice, and it seemed as if a strong shiver ran through him.

"If—if—if you please, Miss Daisy," he stammered, "it be the will and command of Master Mark Jarrett that you do go for a ride on the north road—I to accompany you. He be very particular about it, Miss Daisy. Silvershade be saddled, and I ride Enniskerry, the Irish horse, who has tooled sixteen miles in three-quarters of an hour. There be something up, Miss, and we must e'en go. The horses are ready at your word."

Daisy listened without raising her eyes to Abel's, and did not observe the steadfast, earnest, intensely impassioned look he fixed upon her beautiful face. Her brow lowered a little at the word "command," but she made no reference to it. Indeed, a sudden design had taken possession of her mind, and robbed it of much of its sting or significance.

She only said, with assumed indifference,

"Let them be led round to the entrance. I will be ready in a few minutes."

She turned away to the centre of her apartment, and Abel, drawing a deep, long breath, and compressing his lips tightly, moved slowly from the doorway.

Indeed, Meggy jostled him out of it, and waited until he had disappeared. Then she ran up to her young mistress, and whispered a kind of incomprehensible jumble about the safety of a "certain party," expanding her eyes as she murmured, until they were as round as new florins, and then, ascertaining that the coast was clear she bounded off again.

This time, however, "the Daisy," ascertaining, too, that the coast was clear, glided some little distance after her, until she brought herself up at a window which commanded a view of the garden. There she stationed herself until she beheld Meggy towing a young gentleman—perhaps we should have said piloting him—through the mazes of an artificial grove. Then, quite unable to help herself, her rebellious little hand sprang up to her lips; but, as if frightened and ashamed at what she had done, she flew back to her room, and commenced to prepare herself for her ride.

Presently, Meggy, heated and out of breath, returned, and murmured—

"Bundled him off safe at last! Mercy on us!"

She at once, with a sigh of relief, set herself to aid Daisy complete her toilette; but as if her thoughts had expanded beyond the size which would enable them to have utterance, she relapsed into a kind of rigid silence.

Daisy, too, had thoughts which she had no desire to shape into words, and she was on the back of Silvershade, speeding along the well-made road to Finchley, with a speed and grace which called for the surprise and admiration of all who beheld her, before she spoke again.

It happened—it seemed more the result of accident than design—that she diverged into a cross-road, and galloped down it at twelve miles an hour, followed by Abel, whose horse maintained the same pace, without breaking from his trot even to a canter.

At length, at the bottom of a declivity, a broad stream crossed the road, and the remainder of the way for a considerable distance was beneath a natural avenue of beech, oak, and elm trees, which intermingled their branches and leaves overhead.

Here Daisy checked her horse, and suffered him to drop into a walk. Before she had proceeded fifty yards down the leaf-shadowed road, as she expected, Abel Stoke overtook her, and brought his horse, Enniskerry, to her side.

He touched his hat respectfully, although there was an emotion of a different kind shining in his eyes, and he said—

"I beg your pardon, Miss Daisy, but this bain't the road we were bidden to take."

"It is of no consequence, Abel," she responded, in an indifferent tone. "We can get back into it, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, miss, in about a mile or more," he returned, flushing up cheeks and forehead violently.

He knew—he felt that Daisy intended to hold some conversation with him. He knew her every movement, way, manner almost better than she did herself. Certainly, he knew that unless it was her design to talk to him, she would not have given him a chance to approach her. His heart beat tumultuously, he felt as if he should almost suffocate, for the wish was father to a thought that was uppermost in his mind. His good fortune, after all, might be in the ascendancy, despite his ever present fear to the contrary.

He kept the head of Enniskerry level with Silvershade's saddle-girths. Presently, as he expected, Daisy's silvery voice—the sweetest music he knew—fell on his ears.

"I have for some time been very anxious to acquire information of very deep interest to me," she observed, in an even, well-sustained voice, though within her breast there was a tumult too; "but I have had no little difficulty in discovering, or of even conjecturing, the source most likely to afford it to me. It has however suddenly occurred to me that you can help me. Will you?"

"I would pour out the last drop of my blood from my heart more freely for you, Miss Daisy, than I would a charge of bad powder from a damp flask! Will I help you? Try me, Miss Daisy; pray try me!" he exclaimed, in a voice so full of emotion that he stammered.

"First of all, Abel, I do not wish you to part with a drop of your blood for me, even from a scratch," she returned, rather gravely; "and, secondly, if you wish to confer upon me the service I am about to ask of you, I must request that you employ in replying to me only the plainest, simplest, and most direct form of words. If at every proposition I may make you launch out an offer to sacrifice your life in executing it, you will prevent me submitting the questions I think of putting to you."

"There spoke Mark Jarrett," mumbled Abel, under his breath, biting his nether lip at the same time. But clearing his voice, he said aloud, "I'll do my best to please you, Miss Daisy, you know that. There's nothing in this world——"

"That will do, Abel," she interposed, waving her hand. "I ask only of you to answer me without equivocation, and truthfully. If there be aught in any one of my questions upon which you feel bound to be reserved, say so, and I will respect it. But be truthful or silent."

"I will, miss, so help—I mean upon my soul," he returned, in a voice that trembled so he could scarcely control it to articulate his words.

"That is enough. I believe you without the asseveration," she returned, beginning to think she had entered upon an [illegible] proceeding.

However, she thought of Wilfred Rokeby, and of the future, in which she might be included so far as he was concerned, and she went on—

"I think I can remember you, Abel, as far back as I can remember anything. I suppose your memory of me is as old?"

"Older, miss," he returned, trying to moisten his parched lips with his dry tongue. "I remember you before you can me, I be sure."

"Why, Abel?" the Daisy asked, with apparent innocence.

"Because I be older than you, miss, an' I remembers you being brought to the Grange a little babby. Ah! an' though I was but a little cub then, I remembers as if it war yesterday, that I thought you the beautifullest babby there could be in the world. As you was—as you was!" he returned, with undisguised emotion.

"Who took me to the Grange, Abel?" she demanded, as if it were a question of no great importance.

"Master Mark Jarrett brought you to you, miss," he replied, readily. "I mind it well, not but what Gran'ther Stoke an' I often talked that over."

"Old Martin?"

"No; he be too grumpy to let his teeth know what his tongue mutters," he answered. "I mean his missus, old Dame Stoke, my gran'mother."

"She is dead, poor thing," remarked Daisy, as if musing.

"Ay, Gran' Stoke kept at her bedside to the last," returned Abel, with bent brows. "She had something to say to me before she went out of the world, but old Martin kept me out of the room, an' what it was he would never say. I think there was a piece of writing—for she could write as well as the parson's clerk—but old Martin have got it, an' nobody have had sight of it but himself."

"Did it refer to me, do you think?" inquired Daisy, a little eagerly.

"I don't know, miss," he returned, with a sudden brightening of the eye. "I never thought of that. I fancied it summut to do wi' Aunt Joyce, for, poor woman, there be a lot o' mystery about her; yet, for aught I know, it might ha' been about you—more likely it was summut she had to tell about you, an' old Martin wouldn't let her blab."

"Do you think you can get me that paper?" she interrogated.

"I will try, miss," he returned, promptly.

"We have grown up together, Abel, and you were my companion in many a wild and hazardous ramble," observed Daisy, as if reflectively. "You were sent with me as a kind of sentry or shepherd to tend me—"

"More like a colley dog, miss, to watch a lamb," he replied, with a low laugh, "to chase it over the hills, to hunt it out o' trouble, an' bring it safe to fold."

"Who gave you your instructions?" she inquired, in the same musing voice as before.

"Mostly Mark Jarrett—sometimes old Martin—but nearly always Master Mark," he returned, glancing every now and then furtively at her, in the hope that he should win one look from her exquisite eyes. But she kept her gaze straight before her, and went on with her examination without betraying any anxiety, whatever she might have felt.

"Did he or Martin at any time let fall a remark, a word, by which you would know that I had another name beside Daisy?" she asked.

"No," he returned, after a moment's reflection. "I never heard him, or gran'ther, or grand'mother mention you by any other name."

"Do you know from whence he brought me to the Grange?" she interrogated.

He shook his head.

"No one but Master Mark Jarrett knows that," he said, thoughtfully.

"Not even old Martin?" she demanded.

"I think not," he replied, decisively. "I have once or twice fancied that Aunt Joyce could say something about it if she liked."

After a moment's silence, Daisy asked, in a quiet tone, although she attached no little importance to the answer—

"How could she have obtained the information?"

"I don't know," he returned, with a perplexed look. "As I have said, there be great mystery about her, an' though I always felt a liking for her, she spits at me like a cat when she sees me."

"But you could try and glean from her what she knows about me, and if it be a secret, what it is?" exclaimed Daisy, softly—a little appealingly.

"I can, miss," he answered, quickly.

"And will you?" she asked rather more eagerly than she had intended.

"I will do it, if it wur fifty thousand times more difficult," he answered, with an enthusiasm which she checked with a grave look and a shake of the head; and she rode on some little distance in silence.

She observed that he appeared distressed by her silent reproof, and she suffered his horse to approach hers again.

Presently in the same half indifferent, quiet manner she had previously employed, she said to him—

"Have you ever heard, have you ever had reason to believe, that I am a—Jarrett"—she uttered that name with evident repugnance—"or that I am in any way related to him who bears that name, and who is my—guardian?"

Gaoler she would have said, but not to Abel Stoke.

He shook his head very demonstratively.

"Never, Miss Daisy, at any time," he replied, with emphasis. "And nothing could bring me to believe that one so beauti— That is, I beg your pardon, miss, it is my heart speaking, not my tongue. You are no Jarrett!"

"But, Abel, who am I?" she exclaimed, with a sudden, almost fierce earnestness. "It seems as if it must be an impossible thing for me to find even a clue to this secret. *Of course*, it is to me more important than all else in the world. Whoever can discover that clue, and bestow it on me, will win my eternal gratitude."

"*I* will do it, miss, if it is to be done; and I shall be but too happy to succeed, though with it I give you up my last breath!" he exclaimed, with a burst of enthusiasm he did not attempt to repress.

"I will trust you, Abel!" she exclaimed, with a quiet but a very decided emphasis.

Giving Silvershade her head, she proceeded instantly onward at a sharp gallop.

Abel Stoke had been about to deliver an ardent rhapsody in addition to what he had already said; but, as if she had expected it, she fled from him like the wind.

He pressed his closed fist upon his heart as he looked after her, and murmured passionately between his teeth—

"If she ain't to be mine—she shan't be nobody else's."

And he closed that assertion with a terrible oath, as, clapping spurs to his horse's flanks he [illegible] after, at a [illegible] rate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUNT DEAN.

The Rector of Timberdale at that time was the Rev. Jacob Lewis. Timberdale called him Parson Lewis when not on ceremony. He had married a widow, Mrs. Tanerton; she had a good deal of money and two boys, and the parish people all thought the new lady would be above them. But she turned out to be kind and good, and her boys did not ride roughshod over the land or break down the farmers' fences. She did not live above three or four years, and died after a long illness.

Timberdale talked about her will, calling it a foolish one. She left all she possessed to the rector, "in affectionate confidence," as the will worded it, "knowing he would do what was right and just by her sons." As Parson Lewis was an upright man with a conscience of his own, it was supposed he would do so; but Timberdale considered that for the boys' sake she should have made it sure herself. It was eight hundred a year, good measure.

Parson Lewis had a sister, Mrs. Dean, a widow also, who lived near Liverpool. She was not left well off at all; could but just make a living of it. She used to come on long visits to the parsonage; but it was said that Mrs. Lewis did not like her, thinking her deceitful, and they did not get on very well together. Parson Lewis, the meekest man in the world and most easily led, admitted to his wife that Rebecca had always been a little given to scheming, but he thought her true.

When poor Mrs. Lewis was out of the way in Timberdale churchyard, Mrs. Dean had the field to herself, and came and stayed as long as she pleased, with her child, Alice. She was a little woman with a mild face and fair skin, and had a sort of purring manner with her. Hardly speaking above her breath, and saying "dear" and "love" at every sentence, and caressing people to their faces, the rule was to fall in love with her at once. The boys, Herbert and Jack, took to her without question, and called her "Aunt;" though she was of course no relation whatever.

Both the boys made much of Alice—a bright-eyed, pretty little girl with brown curls and timid, winsome ways. Herbert, who was very studious himself, helped her with her lessons; Jack, who was nearer her age, but a few months older, took her out on expeditions, haymaking and blackberrying and the like, and would bring her home with her frock torn and her knees damaged. He told her brave little girls never cried when with him; and the child would ignore the smart of the grazed knees and show herself as brave as a martyr. Jack was so brave and fearless himself and made so little of hurts, that she felt a kind of shame at giving way to her natural timidity when with him. But one day, when in the garden with Herbert, she fell down and scratched her leg till the blood came, and at that she roared like a little bull. What Alice liked best was to sit indoors by Herbert's side while he was at his lessons, and read story books and fairy tales. Jack was the opposite of all that, and a regular renegade in all kinds of study. He would have liked to pitch the books into the fire and did not even care for fairy tales. They came often enough to Crabb Cot when we were there, and to our neighbors the Coneys. I was only a little fellow at that time, years younger than they were, but I remember I liked Jack better than Herbert. As did Tod also, for the matter of that. Herbert was too clever for us, and he was to be a parson besides. He chose the calling for himself. More than once he was caught muffled in the parson's white surplice, preaching to Jack and Alice a sermon he had composed.

Aunt Dean had her plans. One great plot was always at work. She made it into a dream, and peeped into it night and day, as if it were a kaleidoscope of fascinating colors. Herbert Tanerton was to marry her daughter and succeed to his mother's property as eldest son; Jack must go adrift, and earn his own living. She considered it three parts as good as accomplished. To see Herbert and Alice poring over books together side by side and to know that they had the same tastes, was welcome to her as the sight of gold. As to Jack, with his roving propensities and his climbing and his daring, she thought it little matter if he came down a tree head-foremost some day, or pitched neck over heels into the depths of Crabb Ravine, and so threw away his life. Not that she really wished any cruel fate for the boy; but she did not care for him; and he might be terribly in the way when her foolish brother, the parson, came to apportion out the money. And he was foolish in some things; soft, in fact; she often said it.

One summer day when the fruit was ripe and the sun shining, Mr. Lewis had gone into the study to write his next Sunday's sermon. He did not get on very quickly, for Aunt Dean was in there also, and it disturbed him a little. She was of a restless habit, everlastingly dusting books, and putting things in their places without need.

"Do you wish to keep out all *three* of these inkstands, Jacob? It is not necessary, I should think. Shall I put one up?"

The parson took his eyes off his sermon to answer. "I don't see that they do any harm, Rebecca. The children are using two sometimes. Do as you like, however."

Mrs. Dean put one of the inkstands inside the book-case, and then looked round the room to see what else she could do. A letter caught her eye.

"Jacob, I do believe you have never answered the note old Mullet brought this morning! There it is on the mantel-piece."

The parson sighed. To be interrupted in this way he took quite as a matter of course, though it teased him a little.

"I must see the churchwardens, Rebecca, before I answer it. I want to know, you see, what would be best approved of by the parish."

"Just like you, Jacob," she caressingly said. "The parish must approve of what you approve."

"Yes, yes," he hastily said; "but I like to live at peace with everybody."

He dipped his pen into the ink and wrote a line in his sermon. The open window looked on the kitchen-garden. Herbert Tanerton had his back against the walnut tree, doing nothing. Alice sat near on a stool, her head buried in a book that by its canvas cover Mrs. Dean knew to be "Robinson Crusoe." Just then Jack came out of the raspberry bushes with a handful of fruit, which he held out for Alice to eat. "Robinson Crusoe" fell to the ground.

"Oh, Jack, how good they are!" said Alice.

And the words came distinctly to Aunt Dean's ears in the still day.

"They are as good again when you pick them off the bushes for yourself," cried Jack. "Come along and get some, Alice."

With the taste of the raspberries in her mouth the temptation was not to be resisted; and she ran after Jack. Aunt Dean put her head out at the window.

"Alice, my love, I cannot have you go amid those raspberry bushes: you would stain and tear your frock."

"I'll take care of her frock, aunt," called back Jack.

"My darling Jack, it cannot be. That is her new muslin frock, and she must not go where she might hurt it."

So Alice sat down again to "Robinson Crusoe," and Jack went his way amid the raspberry bushes, or whither he would.

"Jacob, have you begun to think of what John is to be?" resumed Aunt Dean, as she shut down the window.

The parson pushed his sermon from him in a kind of patient hopelessness, and turned round on his chair. "To be?—in what way, Rebecca?"

"In profession," she answered. "I fancy it is time it was thought of."

"Do you? I'm sure I don't know. The other day when something was being mentioned about it, Jack said he did not care what he was to be, provided he had no books to trouble him."

"I only hope you will not have trouble with him, Jacob, dear," observed Mrs. Dean, in an ominous tone, that plainly intimated she thought the parson would.

"He has a good heart, though he is not so studious as his brother. Why have you shut the window, Rebecca? It is very warm."

Mrs. Dean did not say why. Perhaps she wished to guard against the conversation being heard. When any question not quite convenient to answer was put to her, she had a way of passing it by in silence; and the parson was too yielding or too inert to ask again.

"*Of course*, Brother Jacob, you will make Herbert the heir."

The parson looked surprised.

"Why should you suppose that, Rebecca? I think the two boys ought to share and share alike."

"My dear Jacob, how can you think so? Your dead wife left you in charge remember."

"That's what I do remember, Rebecca. She never gave me the slightest hint that she should wish a difference to be made: she was as fond of one boy as of the other."

"Jacob, you must do your duty by the boys," returned Mrs. Dean, with affectionate solemnity. "Herbert must be his mother's heir; it is right and proper it should be so; Jack must be trained to earn his own livelihood. Jack—dear fellow!—is, I fear, of a roving, random disposition: leave any portion of the money to him, and he would squander it in a year."

"Dear me, I hope not! But as to leaving all to his brother—or even a larger portion than to Jack—I don't know that it would be right. A heavy responsibility lies on me in this charge, don't you see, Rebecca."

"No doubt it does. It is full eight hundred a year. And you must be putting something by, Jacob."

"Not much. I draw the money yearly—but expenses seem to swallow it. What with the ponies kept for the boys and the cost of the masters from Worcester, and a hundred a year out of it that my wife desired the poor old nurse should have till she died, there's not a great deal left. My living is a poor one, you know, and I like to help the poor freely. When the boys go to the university it will all be wanted."

"Help the poor freely!—just like him!" thought Aunt Dean.

"It would be waste of money and waste of time to send Jack to college. You should try and get him some appointment abroad, Jacob. In India, say."

The clergyman opened his eyes at this, and said he should not like to see Jack go out of his own country. Jack's mother had not had any opinion of foreign places. Jack himself interrupted the conversation. He came flying up the path, put down a cabbage leaf of raspberries, and flung open the window with his stained fingers.

"Aunt Dean, I've picked these for you," he said, introducing the leaf, his handsome face and his good-natured eyes sparkling. "They've never been so good as they are this year. Father, you just taste them."

Aunt Dean smiled sweetly, and called him her darling—and Mr. Lewis tasted the raspberries.

"We were just talking of you, Jack," cried the unsophisticated man—and Mrs. Dean knitted her brows slightly. "Your aunt says it is time you began to think of some profession."

"That you may be suitably educated for it, my boy."

"I should like to be something that won't want education," cried Jack, leaning his arms on the window-sill and jumping up and down. "I think I'd rather be a farmer than anything, father."

The parson drew a long face. It had never entered into his calculation.

"I fear that would not do, Jack. I should like you to choose something higher than that; some good profession by which you may rise in the world. Herbert will go into the Church; what should you say to the Bar?"

Jack's jumping ceased all at once. "What, to be a barrister, father! Like those bewigged fellows that come circuit twice a year to Worcester?"

"Like that, Jack."

"But they have to study all their lives for it father; and read up millions of books before they can pass! I could'nt do it; I couldn't indeed."

"What do you think of being a high class lawyer, then? I might place you with some good firm, such as—"

"Don't, there's a dear father!" interrupted Jack, pulling a long face, which seemed to send all its sunshine out of it. "I'm afraid if I were at a desk I should kick it over without knowing it. I must be running out and about.—Are they all gone, Aunt Dean? Give me the leaf to throw away, and I'll pick you some more."

The years went on. Jack was fifteen; Herbert eighteen and at Oxford: the advanced scholar had gone to college early. Aunt Dean spent quite half her time at Timberdale, from Easter till autumn, and the parson never rose against it. She let her house during her absence: it was situated on the banks of the river a little way from Liverpool, near the place they call New Brighton now. One family always took it for the summer months, glad to get out of hot Liverpool.

As to Jack, nothing had been decided in regard to his future, for opinions on it differed. A little Latin and a little history and a great deal of geography (for he liked that) had been drilled into him; and about there his education ended. But he was the best climber and walker and leaper, and withal the best-hearted young fellow that Timberdale could boast: and he knew all about land thoroughly, and possessed a great stock of general and useful information. Many a day when some of the poorer farmers were in a desperate hurry to get in their hay or carry their wheat on account of threatening weather, has Jack Tanerton turned out to help, and worked as hard and as long as any of the laborers. He was hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, rich and poor.

Mrs. Dean had worked on always to accomplish her ends. Slowly and imperceptibly, but surely: Herbert must be the heir; John must shift for himself. The parson had had this dinned into him so often now, in her apparent frank and reasoning way, that he began to lend an ear. What with his strict sense of innate justice, and his habit of yielding to his sister's views, he felt mostly in a kind of pickle. But Mrs. Dean had come over this time determined to get something settled, one way or the other.

She arrived before Easter this year. The interminable Jack (as she often called him in her heart) was at home; Herbert not. Jack and Alice did not seem to miss him, but went out on their rambles together as they did when children. The morning before Herbert was expected, a letter came from him to his step-father, saying he had been invited by a fellow student to spend the Easter Holidays at his home near London, and had accepted it.

Mr. Lewis took it as a matter of course in his easy way; but it disagreed with Aunt Dean. She said all manner of things to the parson, and [illegible] him to write for Herbert to return at once. Herbert's answer to this was a courteous intimation that he could not alter his plans; and he hoped his father, on consideration, would fail to see any good reason why he should. Herbert Tanerton had a will of his own.

"Neither do I see any reason, good or bad, why he should not pay the visit, Rebecca," confessed the rector. "I'm afraid it was foolish of me to object at all. Perhaps I have not the right to deny him, either, if I wished it. He is getting on for nineteen, and I am not his own father."

So Aunt Dean had to make the best and the worst of it; but she felt as cross as two sticks.

One day when the parson was abroad on parish matters, and the rectory empty, she went out for a stroll, and reached the high, steep bank where the primroses and violets grew. Looking over, she saw Jack and Alice seated below; Jack's arm round her waist.

"You are to be my wife, you know, Alice, when we are grown up. Mind that."

There was no answer, but Aunt Dean certainly thought she heard the sound of a kiss. Peeping over again, she saw Jack taking it.

"And if you don't object to my being a farmer, Alice, I should like it best of all. We'll keep two jolly ponies and ride about together. Won't it be good!"

"I don't object to farming, Jack. Anything you like. A successful farmer's home is a very pleasant one."

Aunt Dean drew away with noiseless steps. She was too calm and callous a woman to turn white; but she did turn angry, and registered a vow in her heart. That presuming, upstart Jack! They were but two little fools, it's true; children; but the nonsense must be stopped in time.

Herbert went back to Oxford without coming home. Alice, to her own infinite astonishment, was dispatched to school till midsummer. The parson and his sister and Jack were left alone; and Aunt Dean, with her soft smooth manner and her false expressions of endearment, ruled all things: her brother's better nature amid the rest.

Jack was asked what he would be. A farmer, he answered. But Aunt Dean had somehow caught up the most bitter notions possible against farming in general; and Mr. Lewis, not much liking the thing himself, and yielding to the under current ever gently flowing, told Jack he must fix on something else.

"There's nothing I shall do so well at as farming, father," remonstrated Jack. "You can put me for three or four years to some good agriculturist, and I'll be bound at the end of the time I should be fit to manage the largest and best farm in the county. Why, I am a better farmer now than some of them."

"Jack, my boy, you must not be self-willed. I cannot let you be a farmer."

"Then send me to sea, father, and make a sailor of me," returned Jack, in his good humor.

But this startled the parson. He liked Jack, and he had a horror of the sea. "Not that, Jack, my boy. Anything but that."

"I'm not sure but I should like the sea better than farming," went on Jack, the idea full in his head. "Aunt Dean lent me 'Peter Simple' one day. I know I should make a first-rate sailor."

"Jack, don't talk so. Your poor mother would not have liked it, and I don't like it; and I shall never let you go."

"Some fellows run away to sea," said Jack, laughing.

The parson felt as though a bucket of cold water was thrown down his back. Did Jack mean that as a threat?

"John," said he, in as solemn a way as he had ever spoken, "disobedience to parents sometimes brings a curse with it. You must promise me that you will never go to sea."

"I'll not promise that, off hand," said Jack. "But I will promise never to go without your consent. Think it over well, father: there's no hurry."

It was on the tip of Mr. Lewis's tongue to withdraw his objection to the farming scheme there and then: in comparison with the other it looked quite fair and bright. But he thought he might compromise his judgment to yield thus instantly: and, as easy Jack said, there was no hurry.

So Jack went rushing out of doors again to the uttermost bounds of the parish, and the parson was left to Aunt Dean. When he told her he meant to let Jack be a farmer, she laughed till the tears came into her eyes, and begged him to leave matters to her. *She* knew how to manage boys, without appearing directly to cross them: there was this kind of trouble with more boys than not, before they settled satisfactorily in life, but it all came right in the end.

So the parson said no more about farming: but Jack talked a great deal about the sea. Mr. Lewis went over in his gig to Worcester, and bought a book he had heard of, "Two Years before the Mast." He wrote Jack's name in it and gave it to him, hoping its contents might serve to sicken him of the sea.

The next morning the book was missing. Jack looked high and low for it, but it was gone. He had left it on the sitting-room table when he went up to bed, and it mysteriously disappeared during the night. The servants had not seen it, and declared it was not on the table in the morning.

"It could not—I suppose—have been the cat," observed Aunt Dean, in a doubtful manner, her eyes full of wonder as to where the book could have got to. "I have heard of cats doing strange things."

"I don't think the cat could make away with a book of that size, Rebecca," said the parson. And if he had not been the least suspicious parson in all the Worcester Diocese, he might have asked his sister whether *she* had been the cat, and secured the book lest it should serve to dissipate Jack's fancy for the sea.

The next thing she did was to carry Jack off to Liverpool. The parson objected at first: Liverpool was a sea-port town, and might put Jack more in mind of the sea than ever. Aunt Dean replied that she meant him to see the worst sides of a sea life, the dirty boats in the Mersey, the wretchedness of the crews, the real discomfort and misery of a sailor's life. That would cure him, she said: what he had got in his head now was the romance picked up from books. The parson thought there was reason in this, and yielded. He was dreadfully anxious about Jack.

She went straight to her house near New Brighton, Jack with her, and a substantial sum in her pocket from the rector for Jack's keep. The old servant, Peggy, who took care of it, was thunderstruck to see her mistress come in. It was not yet occupied by the Liverpool people, and Mrs. Dean sent them word they could not have it this year: at least not for the present. While she got matters straight, she supplied Jack with all Captain Marryat's novels to read. The house looked on the river, and Jack would watch the fine grand vessels starting on their long voyages, their trim white sails glowing fair in the sunshine, or hear the joyous shouts from the sailors of a homeward bound ship as Liverpool hove in view; and he grew to think there was no sight so pleasant to the eye as these beauteous ships; no fate so desirable as to sail in them.

But Aunt Dean had certainly changed her tactics. Instead of sending Jack on to the dirtiest and worst managed boats in the docks, where the living was hard and the sailors were discontented, she allowed him to roam at will on the finest ships, and make acquaintance with their enthusiastic young officers, especially with those who were going to sea for the first time with just such notions as Jack's. Before midsummer came, Jack Tanerton had got to think that he could never be happy on land.

There was a new ship just launched, the Rose of Delhi; a magnificent vessel. Jack took rare interest in her. He was forever on board; was forever saying to her owners—friends of Aunt Dean's, to whom she had introduced him—how much he should like to sail in her. The owners thought it would be an advantageous thing to get so active, open, and ready a lad into their service, although he was somewhat old for entering, and they offered to article him for four years, as "midshipman" on the Rose of Delhi. Jack went home with his tale, his eyes glowing; and Aunt Dean neither checked him nor helped him.

Not then. Later, when the ship was all but ready to sail, she told Jack she washed her hands of it, and recommended him to write and ask his step-father whether he might sail in her or not.

Now Jack was no letter writer; neither, truth to tell, was the parson. He had not once written home; but had contented himself with sending affectionate messages in Aunt Dean's letters. Consequently, Mr. Lewis only knew what Aunt Dean had chosen to tell him, and had no idea that Jack was getting the real sea fever. But at the suggestion Jack sat down now, and wrote a long letter.

Its purport was this. That he was longing and hoping to go to sea; was sure he should never like anything else in the world so well; that the Rose of Delhi, Captain Druce, was the most magnificent ship ever launched; that the owners bore the best characters in Liverpool for liberality, and Captain Druce for kindness to his middies; and that he hoped, oh, he hoped, his father would let him go: but that if he still refused, he (Jack) would do his best to be content to stay on shore, for he did not forget his promise of never sailing without consent.

"Would you like to see the letter, Aunt Dean, before I shut it up?" he asked.

Aunt Dean, who had been sitting by, took the letter, and privately thought it was as good a letter and as much to the purpose as the best scribe in the land could have written. She disliked it, for all that.

"Jack, dear, I think you had better put a postscript," she said. "Your father detests writing, as you know. Tell him that if he consents he need not write any answer; you will know what it means,—that you may go—and it will save him trouble."

"But, Aunt Dean, I should like him to wish me good-bye and God speed."

"He will be sure to do the one in his heart and the other in his prayers, my boy. Write your postscript."

Jack did as he was bid; he was as docile as his step-father. Exactly as Mrs. Dean suggested, wrote he; and he added that if no answer arrived within two posts, he should take it for granted that he was to go, and should see about his outfit. There was no time to lose, for the ship would sail in three or four days.

"I will post it for you, Jack," she said, when it was ready. "I am going out."

"Thank you, Aunt Dean, but I can post it myself. I'd rather; and then I shall know it's off. Oh, shan't I be on thorns till the time for an answer comes and goes!"

He snatched his cap and vaulted off with the letter before he could be stopped. Aunt Dean had a curious look on her face, and sat biting her lips. She had not intended the letter to go.

The first post that could possibly bring an answer brought one. Jack was not at home. Aunt Dean had sent him out on an early commission, watched for the postman, and hastened to the door herself to receive what he might bring. He brought two letters—as it chanced. One from the Rector of Timberdale; one from Alice Dean. Mrs. Dean locked the one up in her private drawer above stairs; the other she left on the breakfast table.

"Peggy says the postman has been here, aunt!" cried the boy, all excitement, as he ran in.

"Yes, dear. He brought a letter from Alice."

"And nothing from Timberdale?"

"Well, I don't know that you could quite expect it by this post, Jack. Your father might like to take a little time for consideration. You may read Alice's letter, my boy; she comes home this day week for the summer holidays."

"Not till this day week!" cried Jack, in frightful disappointment. "Why, I shall have sailed then, if I go, Aunt Dean! I sha'n't see her."

"Well, dear, you will see her when you come home."

Aunt Dean had no more commissions for Jack after that, and each time the postman was expected, he posted himself outside the door to wait for him. The man brought no other letter. The reasonable time for an answer went by, and there came none.

"Aunt Dean, I suppose I may get my outfit now," said Jack, only half satisfied. "But I wish I had told him to write in any case; just a line."

"According to what you said, you know, Jack, silence must be taken to give consent."

"Yes, I know. But I'd rather have had a word, and made certain. I wish there was time for me just to run over to Timberdale and see him!"

"But there's not, Jack, more's the pity; you would lose the ship. Get a piece of paper and make out a list of the articles the second mate told you you would want."

The Rose of Delhi sailed out of port for Calcutta, and John Tanerton with her, having signed articles to serve in her for four years. The night before his departure he wrote a short letter of farewell to his step-father, thanking him for his tacit consent, and promising to do his best to get on, concluding it with love to himself and to Herbert and to the Rectory servants. Which letter somehow got put into Aunt Dean's kitchen fire, and never reached Timberdale.

Aunt Dean watched the Rose of Delhi sail by, Jack, in his bran new uniform, waving his last farewells to her with his gold-banded cap. The sigh of relief she heaved when the fine vessel was out of sight seemed to do her good. Then she bolted herself into her chamber, and opened Mr. Lewis's letter, which had lain untouched till then. As she expected, it contained a positive command written half sternly, half lovingly, for John not to sail in the Rose of Delhi or to think more of the sea. Moreover it commanded him home at once, and it contained a promise that he should be placed to learn the farming without delay. Aunt Dean tripped to Peggy's fire and burnt that too.

There was a dreadful fuss when Jack's departure became known at Timberdale. It fell upon the parson like a thunderbolt. He came striding through the ravine to Crabb Cot, and burst out crying, while telling the news to the Squire. He feared he had failed somehow in bringing John up, he said, or he never would have repaid him with this base disobedience and ingratitude. For, you see, the poor man thought Jack had received his letter, and gone off in defiance of it. The Squire agreed with him that Jack deserved the cat-o'-nine tails, and all other boys who traitorously decamped to sea.

Before the hay was all got in, Aunt Dean was back at Timberdale, bringing Alice with her and the bills for the outfit. She let the parson think what he would about Jack, ignoring all knowledge of the letter, and affecting to believe that Jack could not have had it. But the parson argued that Jack must have had it and did have it, or it would have come back to him. The only one to say a good word for Jack was Alice. She persisted in an opinion that Jack could not be either disobedient or ungrateful, and that there must have been some strange mistake somewhere.

Aunt Dean's work was not all done. She took the poor parson under her wing, and proved to him that he had no resource now but to disinherit Jack, and make Herbert his entire heir. To leave money to Jack would be wanton waste, she urged, for he would be sure to squander it. Better bequeath all to Herbert, who would of course look after his brother in later life, and help him if he needed help. So one of the Worcester solicitors, Mr. Hill, was sent for to Timberdale to receive instructions for making the parson's will in Herbert's favor, and to cut off Jack.

That night, after Mr. Hill had gone back again, was one of the worst the parson ever spent. He was a just man and a kind one, and he felt racked with fear lest he had taken too severe a measure, and one that his late wife, the true owner of the money and John's mother, would have never sanctioned. His bed was as a fever, his pillow a torment; up he got, and walked the room in his night-shirt.

"My Lord and God knoweth that I would do what is right," he groaned. "I am sorely troubled. Youth is vain and desperately thoughtless; perhaps the boy, in his love of adventure, never looked at the step in the light of ingratitude. I cannot cut him quite off; I should never find peace of mind if I did. He shall have a little; and perhaps if he grows into a steady fellow and comes back what he ought to be, I may alter the will later and leave them equal."

The next day the parson wrote privately to Mr. Hill, saying he had reconsidered his determination and would let Jack inherit to the extent of a hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Herbert came home for the long vacation; and he and Alice were together as they had been before that upstart Jack stepped in. They often came to the Squire's and oftener to the Coney's. Grace Coney, a niece of old Coney, had come to live at the farm; she was a nice girl, and she and Alice liked each other. You might see them with Herbert strolling about the fields any hour in the day. At home Alice and Herbert seemed never to care to separate. Mrs. Dean watched them quietly, and thought how beautifully her plans had worked.

Aunt Dean did not go home till October. After she left, the parson had a stroke of paralysis. Charles Ashton, then just ordained to priest's orders, took the duty. Mrs. Dean came back again for Christmas. As if she would let Alice stay away when Herbert was at home!

The Rose of Delhi did not come home for nearly two years. She was what is called a free ship and took charters for any place she could make money by. One day Alice Dean was leaning out of one of the windows of her mother's house, gazing wistfully on the sparkling sea, when a grand and stately vessel came sailing homewards, and some brown-faced young fellow on the quarter-deck set on to swing his cap violently by way of hailing her. She looked to the flag which happened to be flying, and read the name there, "The Rose of Delhi." It must be Jack who was saluting. Alice burst into tears of emotion.

He came up from the docks the same day. A great brown handsome fellow with the old single heart and open manners. And he clasped Alice in his arms and kissed her ever so many times before she could get free. Being a grown-up young lady now, she did not approve of unceremonious kissing, and told Jack so. Aunt Dean was not present, or she might have told him so more to the purpose.

Jack had given satisfaction, and was getting on. He told Alice privately that he did not like the sea so much as he had anticipated, and could not believe any other fellow did; but as he had chosen it as his calling he meant to stand by it. He went to Timberdale, in spite of Aunt Dean's advice and efforts to keep him away. Herbert was absent, she said, the rector ill and childish. Jack found it all too true. Mr. Lewis's mind had failed and his health was breaking. He knew Jack and was over affectionate with him, but seemed not to remember anything of the past. So never a word did Jack hear of his own disobedience, or of any missing letters.

One person alone questioned him; and that was Alice. It was after he got back from Timberdale. She asked him to tell her the history of his sailing in the Rose of Delhi, and he gave it in detail, without reserve. When he spoke of the postscript that Aunt Dean had bade him to add to his letter, arranging that silence should be taken for consent, and that as no answer had come he of course had so taken it, the girl turned sick and faint. She saw the treachery that had been at work and where it had lain; but for her mother's sake she hushed it up and let the matter pass. Alice had not lived with her mother so many years without detecting her propensity for deceit.

Some years passed by. Jack got on well. He served as third mate on the Rose of Delhi long before he could pass, by law, for second. He was made second mate as soon as he had passed for it. The Rose of Delhi came in and went out, and Jack stayed by her, and passed for first mate in course of time. He was not sent back in any of his examinations, as most young sailors are, and the board once went the length of complimenting him on his answers. The fact was, Jack held to his word of doing his best; he got into no mischief and was the smartest sailor afloat. He was in consequence a favorite with the owners, and Captain Druce took pains with him and brought him on in seamanship and navigation, and showed him how to take observations, and all the rest of it. There's no end of difference in merchant-captains in this respect; some teach their junior officers nothing. Jack finally passed triumphantly for master, and hoped his time would come some day to get a command. Meanwhile he went out again as first mate on the Rose of Delhi.

One spring morning there came news to Mrs. Dean from Timberdale. The rector had had another stroke and was thought to be near his end. She started off at once, with Alice. Charles Ashton had had a living given to him; and Herbert Tanerton was his step-father's curate. Herbert had passed as shiningly in moods and divinity and all the rest of it as Jack had before the marine board. He was a steady, thoughtful, serious young man, did his duty well in the parish and preached better sermons than ever the rector had. Mrs. Dean, who looked upon him as Alice's husband just as surely as though they were married, was as proud of his success as though it had been her own.

The rector was very ill and unable to leave his bed. His intellect was quite gone now. Mrs. Dean sat with him most of the day, leaving Alice to be taken care of by Herbert. They went about together just as always and were on the best of confidential terms; and came over to the Coneys', and to us when we were at Crabb Cot.

"Herbert," said Mrs. Dean one evening when she had got all her soft, sugary manner upon her and was making the young parson believe she had nobody's interest at heart in the world but his, "my darling boy, is it not almost time you began to think of marriage? None know the happiness and comfort brought by a good wife, dear, until they experience it."

Herbert looked taken too. He turned as red as a school-girl and glanced half a moment at Alice, like a detected thief.

"I must wait until I get a living to think of that, Aunt Dean."

"Is it necessary, Herbert? I should have thought you might bring a wife home to the Rectory here."

Herbert turned off the subject with a jesting word or two, and got out of his redness. Aunt Dean was eminently satisfied; his confusion and his impromptu glance at Alice had told tales; and she knew it was only a question of time.

The rector died. When the grass was long and the May flowers were in bloom and the cuckoo was singing in the trees, he passed peacefully to his Rest. Just before death he recovered speech and consciousness; but the chief thing he said was that he left his love to Jack.

After the funeral the will was opened. It had not been touched since that far past year when Jack had gone away to sea. Out of the eight hundred a year descended from their mother Jack had a hundred and fifty; Herbert the rest. Aunt Dean made a hideous frown for once in her life; a hundred and fifty pounds a year for Jack was only, as she looked upon it, so much robbery of Herbert and Alice. Out of the little money saved by the rector five hundred pounds was left to his sister, Rebecca Dean; the rest was to be divided equally between Herbert and Jack; and his furniture and effects went to Herbert. On the whole Aunt Dean was tolerably satisfied.

She was a woman who liked to keep up appearances strictly, and she made a move to leave the young parson at the end of a week or two's time and go back to Liverpool. Herbert did not detain her. His own course was uncertain until a fresh rector should be appointed. The living was in the gift of a neighboring baronet, and it was fancied by some that he might give it to Herbert. One thing did surprise Mrs. Dean; angered her too: that Herbert had not made his offer to Alice before their departure. Now that he had his own fortune at command, there was no necessity for him to wait for a living.

News greeted them on their arrival. The Rose of Delhi was on her way home once more, with Tanerton in command. Captain Druce had been left behind at Calcutta, dangerously ill. Alice's color came and went; she looked out for the homeward-bound vessels passing inwards, and felt quite sick with anxiety lest Jack should fail in anyway, and never bring home the ship.

"The Rose of Delhi, Captain Tanerton." Alice Dean cast her eyes on the ship news in the morning paper, and read the announcement amidst the arrivals. Just for an instant her sight left her.

"Mamma," she presently said, quietly passing over the newspaper, "the Rose of Delhi is in."

"The Rose of Delhi, Captain Tanerton," read Mrs. Dean. "The idea of their sticking in Jack's name as Captain! He will have to go down again as soon as Captain Druce returns. A fine captain I daresay he has made!"

"At least he has brought the ship home safely and quickly," Alice ventured to say. "It must have passed after dark last night."

"Why after dark?"

Alice did not reply, Because I was watching till daylight faded—which would have been the truth. "Had it passed before, some of us might have seen it, mamma."

The day was waning before Jack came up. Captain Tanerton. Jack was never to go back again to his chief-mateship, as Aunt Dean had surmised, for the owners had given him the permanent command of the Rose of Delhi. The last mail had brought news from Captain Druce that he should never be well enough for the command again, and the owners were only glad to give it to the younger and more active man. The officers and crew alike reported that never a better master sailed than Jack had proved himself on this homeward voyage.

"Don't you think I have been very lucky on the whole, Aunt Dean? Fancy a young fellow like me getting such a beautiful ship as that!"

"Oh, very lucky," returned Aunt Dean.

Jack looked like a captain, too. He was broad and manly, with an intelligent, honest, handsome face, and the quick keen eye of a sailor. Jack was particular in his attire, too: and all of them were not.

"Only a hundred and fifty left to me!" cried Jack, when he was told the news. "Well, perhaps Herbert may require more than I, poor fellow," he added in his good nature; "he may not get a good living, and then he'll be glad of it. I shall be sure to do well now I've got the ship."

"You'll be at sea always, Jack, and will have no use for money," said Mrs. Dean.

"Oh, I don't know about having no use for it, aunt. Anyway, my father thought it right to leave it so, and I am content. I wish I could have said farewell to him before he died!"

A few days more, and Aunt Dean was thrown on her beam-ends at a worse angle than ever the Rose of Delhi hoped to be. Jack and Alice discussed matters between themselves, and the result was disclosed to her. They were going to be married.

It was Alice who told. Jack had just left, and she and her mother were sitting together in the summer twilight. At first Mrs. Dean thought Alice was joking, and she was like a mad woman when she found it true. Her great dream had never foreshadowed this.

"How dare you to attempt to think of so monstrous a thing, you wicked girl? Marry your own brother-in-law!—'twould be no better. It is Herbert that is to be your husband."

Alice shook her head with a smile. "Herbert would not have me, mamma, nor I him. Herbert will marry Grace Coney."

"Who?" cried Mrs. Dean.

"Grace Coney. They have been in love with one another ever so many years. I have known it all along. He will marry her as soon as his future is settled. I had promised to be one of the bridesmaids, but I suppose I shall not get the chance now."

"Grace Coney—that beggarly girl!" shrieked Mrs. Dean. "But for her uncle's giving her shelter she must have turned out in the world when her father died and got her living how she could. She is not a lady. She is not Herbert's equal."

"Oh, yes, she is, mamma. At any rate he thinks so. She is a nice girl and will make him a perfect wife. Herbert would not exchange her for the first lady in the land."

"If Herbert chooses to make a spectacle of himself, you never shall," cried poor Mrs. Dean, all her golden visions fast melting into air. "I would see that wicked Jack Tanerton at the bottom of the sea first."

"Mother dear, listen to me. Jack and I have cared for each other for years and years, and we should neither of us marry any other. There is nothing to wait for: Jack is as well off as he will be for years to come: and—and we have settled it so, and I hope you will not oppose it."

It was a cruel moment for Aunt Dean. Her love for other people had been all pretence, but she did love her daughter. Besides that, she was ambitious for her.

"I can never let you marry a sailor, Alice. Anything but that."

"It was you made Jack a sailor, mother, and there's no help for it," said Alice, in a low tone. "I would rather he had been anything else in the world. I would have liked him to have had land and farmed it. We should have done well. Jack had his four hundred a year clear, you know. At least, he ought to have had it. Oh, mother, don't you see that while you have been plotting against Jack you have plotted against me?"

Aunt Dean felt sick with the memories that were crowding upon her. The mistake she had made was a frightful one.

"You cannot join your fate to Jack's, Alice," she repeated, wringing her hands. "A sailor's wife is too liable to be made a widow."

"I know it, mother. I shall share his danger, for I am going out in the Rose of Delhi. The owners have consented, and Jack is fitting up a lovely little cabin for me that is to be my own saloon."

"My daughter sailing over the seas in a merchant ship! Never!"

"I should be no true wife if I could let my husband sail without me. Mother, it is you alone who have carved out our destiny. Better have left it to God."

In a startled way, her heart full of remorse, she was beginning to see it. "It is a miserable prospect, Alice."

"Mother, we shall get on. There's the hundred and fifty a year certain, you know. That we shall put by; and so long as I sail with him, a good deal more besides. Jack's pay is fixed at twenty pounds a month, and he will make more by commission; perhaps as much again. Have no fear for us on that score. Jack has been deprived unjustly of his birthright; and I think sometimes that perhaps as a recompense, Heaven will prosper him."

"But the danger, Alice! the danger of a sea-life!"

"Do you know what Jack says about the danger, mother? He says God is over us on the sea as well as on the land, and will take care of those who put their trust in Him. In the wildest storm I will try to let that great truth help me to feel peace."

Alas for Aunt Dean! The arguments slipped away from her hands, just as her plans had slipped. In her bitter repentance, she lay on the floor of her room that night and asked God to have pity upon her, for her trouble seemed greater than she could bear.

The morning's post brought news from Herbert. He was made Rector of Timberdale. Aunt Dean wrote back, telling him what had taken place and asking, nay, almost commanding, that he should restore an equal share of the property to Jack. Herbert replied that he should abide by his step-father's will. The living of Timberdale was not a rich one, and he wished Grace, his future wife, to be comfortable. "Herbert was always intensely selfish," groaned Aunt Dean. Look on which side she would, there was no comfort.

The Rose of Delhi, Captain Tanerton, sailed out of port again, carrying also with her the captain's wife. And Aunt Dean was left to bemoan her fate and wish she had never meddled to shape out other people's destiny. Better, as Alice said, that she had left that to God.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

BURNING OF ANOTHER OF DR. JAYNE'S BUILDINGS. LOSS OVER HALF A MILLION.

About half-past six o'clock on Sunday evening May 19 a fire broke out in the seven story building, Nos. 237 and 239 Dock street, erected by Dr. David Jayne in 1853, and only separated from the Chestnut street store, destroyed by fire a few months since, by a narrow street. The fire, it is said, was first discovered in the basement story on the Carter street front, and shortly afterwards huge volumes of smoke and flames burst forth, and ascended from story to story, inflammable material being upon each floor, until every window in that end of the structure was ruddy with the devouring flame. Soon the roof covering that portion of the building fell in, and shortly after the entire Carter street front, composed of immense slabs and blocks of granite, seemed to melt and with a deafening crash fell to the ground, sending up myriads of sparks, large sheets of paper, and pieces of timber blazing in the air, threatening in their fall to set fire to the adjoining property. Dark volumes of smoke continued to roll in massive clouds from the windows on Dock street, but the flame crept slowly on, until the entire interior of the immense structure was ablaze, casting its bright reflection far over the city.

It was thought, as the side walls, of brick, were so thick and strong, that there would be but little danger of their falling, but unfortunately, shortly after 8 o'clock, the west wall fell over upon the four-story brown stone front building adjoining, occupied in part by Stephen N. Winslow & Son, publishers of the Commercial List. The roof and floors were crushed in like paper and set on fire, but the flames were soon extinguished; the interior, however, was completely wrecked by the falling wall.

At a quarter after 8 o'clock, the top portion of the Dock street front fell into the street, and half an hour afterwards nearly the entire eastern wall fell with a tremendous crash upon the rear portion of Valer's hotel, lapping entirely over and destroying the rear part of it, and also the rear portion of the building No. 233 Dock street, which were crushed to the level of the street, with all their contents.

The firemen were early on the ground and worked nobly during the entire evening. The ground in that locality being very low there was an abundant supply of water, and the fire spread but little outside of the main building, where it originated. The insurance patrol by their earnest and well-directed efforts saved much valuable property, and the fire ground was kept clear with considerable difficulty by the police force, to whose exertions is mainly due the remarkable absence of accidents.

The erection of the Jayne building was commenced and completed in 1853, at a cost of $200,000. Portions of it were specially designed for a post-office, the old office in the Exchange having become entirely too small. It was seven stories high, and had a front of 46 feet on Dock street, running back 164 feet to Carter's alley, leaving on the east side a wagon passage-way, called Relief street. The Dock street front was of Quincy granite, with numerous windows, and presented altogether a very handsome appearance. The Carter street front was of Connecticut granite, and both fronts, as well as the walls, were of great thickness and strength. The second floor was occupied as a post-office until the completion of the building on Chestnut street, after which it was let to various parties, principally to printers.

The building was insured for $70,000. By 11 o'clock Sunday night the fire was entirely subdued, although the firemen kept playing upon the smoking ruins until morning.

ITEMS.

The Lowery gang of outlaws are still amusing themselves in their peculiar way.

Fires of great magnitude have been raging in the forests of Pennsylvania and New York during the past week.

Horace Greeley has formally accepted the nomination for President, given him by the Cincinnati Convention. His letter of acceptance is dated the 20th instant.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. CLEVELAND.

On Saturday, May 18, at Philadelphia the Athletic defeated the Forest City Club of Cleveland. The score was as follows:—

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	
Athletic	1	3	7	5	1	0	7	2	5	—31
Cleveland	3	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	— 7

ATHLETIC VS. BALTIMORE.

At Baltimore, on Monday, May 20, the second contest for the championship between the Athletics, of Philadelphia, and the Baltimore Club, was played. About four thousand spectators were present. Owing to a decision of the umpire in the eighth inning, the Athletics being at the bat, they refused to play, whereupon the umpire gave the game to the Baltimore Club. The Athletics protested, and left the field amid great excitement.

The score was as follows:—

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	
Athletics	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	—4
Baltimore	3	0	0	4	0	0	0	—7

Officials of the Athletic Club assert that they did not refuse to play the Baltimore Club on Monday, and that they intend to submit the question in dispute to the judiciary committee of the national organization.

CLEVELAND VS. ATLANTIC.

At New York, May 20, the Forest City Club, of Cleveland, defeated the Atlantic, by a score of 15 to 7.

ATHLETIC VS. OLYMPIC.

At Washington, May 21, the Athletic defeated the Olympic by a score of 15 to 13.

MUTUAL VS. FOREST CITY.

At New York, May 21, the Mutual defeated the Forest City, of Cleveland, by a score of 15 to 6.

ATHLETIC VS. NATIONAL.

At Washington, May 21, the game between the National and the Athletic was stopped by rain during the third innings. The score then stood, National 4, Athletic 3.

BOSTON VS. CLEVELAND.

BOSTON, May 22.—The game of base ball to-day resulted as follows: Red Stockings, of Boston, 10; Forest City, of Cleveland, 2. The game was unfinished, on account of a rain storm.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE RECOVERY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The anxiety which had been felt concerning the fate of that indefatigable explorer of Africa, Dr. Livingstone, ever since his last letters in 1867, has finally been relieved by the enterprise of the New York Herald and the personal dash and courage of Herbert Stanley. The same active brain and stern will which organized the grand "beat" at the time of the Abyssinian expedition have triumphed over climate, hostile natives, and the terrible fatigues of African travel—found "the old man with the long white beard"—and the two are now safe at Ujiji or "Thereaway." The English expedition after Livingstone, which from the date of its departure from England seems to have been nothing but a grand picnic, may now return home in peace, and reflect upon the Abyssinian and African triumphs of Mr. Stanley with whatever equanimity of spirit it may possess. The Herald expedition was organized early in 1871, and Stanley set off by a somewhat different route from that taken by previous explorers, guided only by the meagre hints from the natives that Livingstone had been seen here and there. In the fall of 1871, Stanley found himself in the midst of petty wars; many of the members of his expedition died, and he himself was so prostrated by fever that he was reduced almost to a skeleton, and the rumor of his death, which soon followed, was very generally believed. But he recovered, and pushed on toward Livingstone, carrying him supplies, and finally finding him—where, exactly when, and how, we are not yet informed. There seems, however, to be no longer any doubt as to the authenticity of the intelligence. Dr. Livingstone has been gone seven years from England, and had been given up for dead by the English Government with a cheerful resignation which was unpleasant to contemplate, until the American search expedition was started.

THE CARLIST REVOLT.

The Carlist revolution has disappeared in smoke. Detachments of Government troops now and then encounter Carlist bands in the disaffected provinces, but the insurgents are invariably beaten and dispersed. More than four thousand have already submitted and given up their arms. Uribari, a Carlist leader, is dead.

It is stated that the attitude of the Government of France towards the Carlists, and the facility with which the retreating insurrectionists have escaped into France, have caused a deep feeling of irritation on the part of the Spanish Government. The Spanish Consul at Bayonne, France, has arrived in Madrid, for the purpose of formally complaining of the course pursued by the French authorities towards the fleeing Carlists.

The whereabouts of Don Carlos remains a mystery, but that he has escaped from Spain is certain.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

(Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. Address *H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.)

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS. Sermons by ROBERT COLLYER, author of "Nature and Life." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. We can give our readers no better idea of the writings of this earnest and eloquent preacher, than by copying for them the following beautiful passages on "Marriage":—

"It is the experience of all time, and no doubt of all peoples, that men and women are made for each other, to be husband and wife, and are very often brought together by a providence they cannot account for, and they can never be separated in their souls any more. A young man goes into a room of an evening with a heart as free as an unmated swallow, and comes out of it sixty minutes after a captive for life; and the maiden knows what the youth knows, and in her heart says amen to the revelation, though it may take her some time to say it with her lips. I have a friend, a man of great intelligence, who told me that when he was in the middle of the Pacific on a voyage, he saw a face in a dream, and it was borne in upon him that this was the face of his wife. He went through many adventures after that, was away about seven years, came back, went home, went to a quarterly Quaker meeting in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, and there saw in a Quaker bonnet, for the first time with his human eyes, the face he had seen in his dream. The maiden became his wife; and I never saw a happier pair on the earth, or a sweeter home or children; and I have no doubt of the perfect truth of the story. All true marriages are made in heaven.

"'All true love is blessed with reverence,
As heavenly light is blessed with heavenly blue.'

"Any true observation of the life we are living will bring the assurance that marriages of this sort are by no means so few as cynics and satirists would like us to infer. If from thirty to forty years of intimate observation, in two widely separate sections of society,—two worlds, and the intimacy of a minister besides,—can be of service in forming an opinion, it is mine that a great preponderance of the men and women who become husbands and wives, find their helpmates, their matches, the one human being they need to make up the full measure, so far, of their life, in the man or woman they marry.

"It is probable they may not find what I may call their ideal man or woman—the wonderful person the romances can make so much better than the Lord of life makes us, as the pictures in a fashion-plate are finer than the portraits of the masters. When we form our taste on this sort of standard, we are likely to be disappointed, and ought to be.

"It is possible, too, for many reasons, that in the truest match which the Lord himself can make, there will be times when the husband and wife cannot see eye to eye, or make one music of the base and alto in which they plighted their troth. It is extremely probable if a man cannot always feel satisfied with himself before he is married, he will not always feel satisfied with his wife after; and if she sometimes charges herself with folly when she is a maiden, she may do the same now and then by her husband when she is a wife. If my self-love cannot hide or extenuate what is wrong in myself always, it must be a very tender, and holy, and everlasting love that will steadily overlook what may be wrong in another that I only love as well as myself. I know of nothing in the structure of this universe, or in life, or in the Bible, that can bear me out in the idea that a doubled possibility of happiness, in the addition of another life to mine, ought not to bring just that much more trial also; twice the felicity implies twice the infelicity in every other direction. The most exquisite organization is always exposed to the most appalling pain.

"This possibility of falling out is in some way to be expected then; in what way, we cannot well foresee, and it is not best we should. It may be health, or temper, or habit—it is no matter; there must be trial of our faith in each other, as there is of our faith in God, and some doubt now and then of each other's love, as there is now and then of the diviner love of Heaven. No man or woman has any business to enter into this intimate oneness of life and soul without such an expectation. When the lark soars and sings over a mountain tarn, his shadow is as deep in the water as his soaring is high in Heaven. Wise old Bishop Taylor says, 'Marriage has in it less of beauty than single life, but more of safety. It is more merry but also more sad. It is fuller of joy but also of sorrow. It lies under more burdens, but is supported by the strength of love, so that these burdens become delightful.'

"Something like that is to be expected in the very nature of things; it is to be found as the shadow cast by the truest and purest light that ever shines in a home. The sweetest wife that ever lived has said things to her husband scores of times that she would allow no other human being to say about him, or, once for all, that third person must hear a piece of her mind, if it were in a prayer-meeting; and the truest husband will now and then make his will known to his wife in tones so imperious, that if he heard another utter them to the same woman, it would bring him leaping, like a leopard, at the scoundrel who dared to speak so to the mother of his children."

MIREIO. A Provençal Poem. By FREDERIC MISTRAL. Translated by HARRIET W. PRESTON. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. This is a pastoral poem, written originally in the Provençal tongue by a young Frenchman named Frédéric Mistral, and first published in Paris in 1859. It created a marvelous excitement in the literary circles of France, on account of its originality and picturesque beauty.

THE ROSE GARDEN. By the author of "Unawares." Published by Roberts Bros., Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN EUROPE. Including England, France, Germany, and Italy. By MRS. E. D. WALLACE, author of "Strife, a Romance of Germany and Italy," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. The following paragraph, selected at random from the book, will serve as a warning to any of our own readers who may happen to go to Europe, not to make such fools of themselves as these Americans did. Speaking of the celebrated singer, Madame Schneider, the author says:—"I saw Schneider in the Grande Duchesse; and I saw Schneider in the Bois de Boulogne, driving a magnificent pair of bays, in splendid harness, mounted with gold, and engraved with the monogram of—hide your face, dear reader—'an American noodle!' It was the only name I heard for him in Paris, and I had no interest in inquiring to what American family he belonged. I saw him sitting on his horse at the curb on the Champs Elysées, while Schneider stood talking with him, and snapping his riding-whip. She was attracting the attention of French riders passing along, to this 'impolite American,'—showing him up, while he sat like an idiot priding himself on his triumph! Had he been a Frenchman, he would have dismounted, to speak to no matter what kind of a woman, and so have avoided the scoffs of those whose applause he imagined he was winning." "Two American women, reputable at home, were noted for following the Emperor's carriage on the 'grande promenade.' Their father was very wealthy, and very indulgent,—poor creatures!"

To the wise a word is sufficient.

THE PSALMS; WITH NOTES, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical. Designed for both Pastors and People. By Rev. HENRY COWLES, D. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for June. This number contains "Scrambles Among the Alps," "Constantinople," "Always: a Florida Lyric," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "Pierre Ronsard," "A Draft on the Bank of Spain," "The Great Idea," "Aytoun," "Private Art-Collections of Philadelphia—III. Mr. Samuel B. Fales's Collection," "Carcassone," "London Clubs," "Our Monthly Gossip," "Literature of the Day," etc. etc. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for June, contains "Septimius Felton; or, The Elixir of Life," "Iris," "Red Reminiscences of the South-west," "The Launch of the Valkyrie," "Jefferson in the Continental Congress," "Footprints in the Land," "Who Won the Pretty Widow," "Diversions of the Echo Club," "A Comedy of Terrors," "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," Recent Literature," "Art," "Science," "Politics," etc. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Philada.

THE GALAXY for June contains "Sir Charles Dilke and the English Republicans," "Faust," "That Waltz on Von Weber's," "My Life on the Plains," "The Woman Movement in Wyoming," "Brahmins and Swells," "The English at Home," "Hero Worship," "The Eustace Diamonds," "A Case of Conscience," "The Heart of June," "The Cave of the Winds," "Modern Languages in the American College," etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for June contains "Travelling by Telegraph," "Northward to Niagara," "An English Art Reformer," "Black-Log Studies," "In the Garden," "At His Gates," "The City of Warwick," "Schools of Journalism," "Drazy Miller's Dowry," "The Advance of Population in the United States," "Her Sphere," "Surley Tim's Trouble," "Mr. Lowell's Prose," "A Message," "Topics of the Time," "The Old Cabinet," etc., etc. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE TRANSATLANTIC for June contains "Good-Bye, Sweetheart," "Turner and Mulready," "The Portuguese in Africa," etc., etc. Published by Hamersley & Co., 701 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE for June. "Spectroscope Notes." "Report on the Trial of Steam Boilers," "The Great Fires of 1871 in the Northwest" are among the good papers in this number. Published by the Franklin Institute at their hall, Philadelphia.

☞ The crops in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and most of the southern states, are suffering from the protracted drought.

☞ Smart boys in Quincy, Illinois, cut off rats' tails, plant them in flower pots, and sell them to unsophisticated florists as a new species of cactus.

☞ A boy ten years old, travelling alone, has just reached Dubuque from Germany.

☞ Some genius has discovered that the northwestern boundary line of Wisconsin reveals a fair profile of George Washington.

☞ When a boy has the fever and ague in Danbury, Connecticut, they make him useful by setting him to shaking carpets.

☞ A Scotch law lord was seated one day on the hillside of Bonally with a Scotch shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in what he thought the coldest situation, he observed to him? "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered: "Ay, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye wad have had mair sense."

☞ The "King of the Greeks," a very noted gambler, recently died in Paris. He was celebrated for his dexterity, suavity and accomplishments, being master of all the European languages. He was a well-known and regular habitue of all the fashionable gambling places during the "season," and is said to have died worth $500,000.

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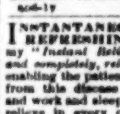

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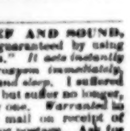

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WIT AND HUMOR.

POETRY.

We can scarcely give expression to our high appreciation of the many original poetical effusions it is our pleasure to receive. The following elegant specimen is from "A Compositor," who writes "Mr. Editor: You can insert this if it agrees with you."

THE EDITOR.

BY A COMPOSITOR.

I.

I want to be an editor,
And with the editors stand—
A plug-hat upon my cranium
And a goose-quill in my hand;
There right before my subscribers,
So noble and so grand,
I'd write such editorials
As would make their hair stand.

That the writer will eventually be an editor cannot be doubted. We trust, too, that he will become "nobby;" and as to having a "goose-quill" in hand, we believe it to be a matter beyond question. It is not impossible, too, that his "editorials will make their [his subscribers?] hair stand."

II.

I never would grow weary,
Sitting in my easy chair,
In writing up locals
To please my subscribers' ears.
I know I'm poor and needy,
But I know they will provide,
If I will dish up editorials
With my pocket-knife on the sly.

How bold is the instinct for poetical license, shown in making "chair" rhyme with "ears." It is possible, however, that "A Compositor," in his youth, was in the habit of pronouncing the plural of chair as though spelled "cheers." His locals, if they please the subscribers at all, will no doubt please their "ears."

III.

I never would grow weary
Of riding in the cars,
Or of steamboats, or omnibusses,
With free tickets in my hand;
I never would grow weary
Of hotels, balls, fairs, races,
pic-nics and the like,
Because I'm always ready,
With a free-ticket in my hand.

Here we find the would-be editor crowded with free tickets, and making eternal journeys in "omnibusses," etc. While this does not show a full appreciation of the amount of time which an editor must necessarily give to the sanctum, it evinces a pleasing freedom of thought.

IV.

I never would grow weary
Receiving visits from my friends,
Because they always bring me something
That goes in every time;
Perhaps a bottle of wine,
To set my brain to work
In getting up something
For them to take a smack.

This verse is too much for us. Bringing "something that goes in every time," and using wine "to get up something for his friends to take a smack," are really beyond the powers of ordinary criticism. They can only be considered as those "erratic gems of genius" which can neither be analyzed nor accounted for. Oh! let us have stacks—many stacks—of these graceful effusions.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A good story is told in Washington of a genial young gentleman, unwilling to omit recognition of an acquaintance, who, at a wedding reception lately, caught sight of a gray-whiskered and rather stately person, and being satisfied by inquiry of his identity, immediately edged along to his side.

"Good-evening," said he, extending his hand with cordiality. "I'm delighted to see you. I believe we haven't met since we parted in Mexico."

"I really fear," said the gray-whiskered magnate, "that you have me at an advantage."

"Why, you don't recollect! But then I was very much younger," said the other, "when with my father in Mexico."

"And, to tell the truth," said the other gentleman, "my remembrances of ever having been in Mexico are very indistinct."

"Excuse the question," said the young man, rather desperately; "are you not Sir Edward Thornton?"

"By no means; I am Judge Poland, of Vermont."

"A thousand pardons," and the discomfited youth moved away.

But a few nights afterward, at another reception, his eye was similarly caught, and the edge of his mortification having been worn off, he could smile at his mistake, and he accordingly made his way once more to the side of a gentleman with gray mutton-chop whiskers, and after a word or two on the weather and the scene, he suddenly said:

"That was an awkward thing of me the other night when I took you for old Thornton."

"And who do you take me for now, may I ask?" said his companion.

"Why—why," said the embarrassed young man of society, "you told me you were Judge Poland, of Vermont."

"On the contrary, my name is Thornton," was the rather annihilating response; and the young man at this day calls it a case of diabolic duality.

"DAT ISH GOOT."

As a gentleman from New York was taking a glass of wine at the St. Louis, corner of Freeman and Hopkins streets, Cincinnati, about three weeks ago, he observed at another table, seated with several others, a German, who seemed uneasy and anxious, as if there might have been a Franco-Prussian disturbance between his beer and himself. Presently in ran a little girl, her face radiant with smiles, exclaiming—

"Oh, father! we've got a little baby at home!"

"Dat ish goot," said the Dutchman, as the anxiety disappeared from his countenance; "fill up der glasses."

Not many minutes elapsed before in rushed the little girl again with the announcement—

"Oh, father, we've got *two little boys* at home!"

The Dutchman looked a great deal astonished and not at all gratified at this little family redundancy, but rising at length to the magnitude of the occasion, he said—

"Vell, den, dat ish also goot. Fill up der glasses."

In a few minutes again appeared the radiant messenger, with the astounding proclamation—

"Oh, father, we've got *three little boys* at home!"

This was too much even for Teutonic impassiveness. There was no further call for glasses.

"Vell, den," says he, "*I goes up dere and stops DER WHOLE TAM FUNNING!*"

An aged and rather rural deacon of Danbury somewhat astonished his family, on returning from a recent visit to Bridgeport, by disclosing in the recesses of his capacious valise two valuable volumes in blue and gold, a prize package containing gold coin, a cake of fig paste, two pictorial papers, and a package of ice-cream candy. He said a boy on the cars gave him these things. He confessed that the boy was an entire stranger, but fervently hoped "Heaven would paint him a sky blue if he ever forgot the kindness."

Some wags were walking around an agricultural implement store, and they chanced to see in the rear a dressed hog hanging by a hook to the wall. "Ha! ha!" cried they to the young man in attendance, "what sort of an agricultural implement do you call that?" "That," he said, "is a patent combined root-grubber, corn-sheller, apple-grinder, gate-lifter, double-action, back-spring, sod-plough; but I guess you won't want one, for it takes a mighty smart man to manage 'em."

TO MY LOVE.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest,
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
—*Shakespeare.*

[From the Records of the French Courts.]

THE POISONED MEAL.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[CONTINUED.]

Meanwhile, the report had spread in the town that the old man, Monsieur de Beaulieu, and the whole Duparc family, had been poisoned by their servant. Madame Duparc did her best to give the rumor the widest possible circulation. Entirely forgetting, as it would seem, that she was on her own showing a poisoned woman, she roamed excitedly all over the house with an audience of agitated female friends at her heels; telling the burnt-arsenic story over and over again to every fresh detachment of visitors that arrived to hear it; and finally leading the whole troop of women into the room where Marie was trying to recover herself.

The poor girl was surrounded in a moment; angry faces and shrill voices met her on every side; the most insolent questions, the most extravagant accusations assailed her; and not one word that she could say in her own defence was listened to for an instant. She had sprung up in the bed, on her knees, and was frantically entreating for permission to speak in her own defence, when a new personage appeared on the scene, and stilled the clamor by his presence. This individual was a surgeon, named Hebert, a friend of Madame Duparc's, who announced that he had arrived to give the family the benefit of his assistance, and who proposed to commence operations by searching the servant's pockets without further delay.

The instant Marie heard him make this proposition she untied her pockets, and gave them to Surgeon Hebert with her own hands. He examined them on the spot. In one he found some copper money and a thimble. In the other (to use his own words given in evidence) he discovered "various fragments of bread, sprinkled over with some minute substance which was white and shining. He kept the fragments of bread, and left the room immediately, without saying a word." By this course of proceeding he gave Marie no chance of stating at the outset whether she knew of the fragments of bread being in her pocket, or whether she was totally ignorant how they came there. Setting aside, for the present, the question whether there was really any arsenic on the crumbs at all, it would clearly have been showing the unfortunate maid-of-all-work no more than common justice to have allowed her the opportunity of speaking before the bread was carried away.

It was now seven o'clock in the evening. The next event was the arrival of another officious visitor. The new friend in need belonged to the legal profession—he was an advocate named Friley. Monsieur Friley's legal instincts led him straightway to a conclusion which seriously advanced the progress of events. Having heard the statement of Madame Duparc and her daughter, he decided that it was his duty to lodge an information against Marie before the Procurator of the King at Caen.

The Procurator of the King is, by this time, no stranger to the reader. He was the same Monsieur Revel who had taken such an amazingly strong interest in Marie's fortunes, and who had strongly advised her to try her luck at Caen. Here, then, surely, was a friend found at last for the forlorn maid-of-all-work. We shall see how Monsieur Revel acted, after Friley's information had been duly lodged.

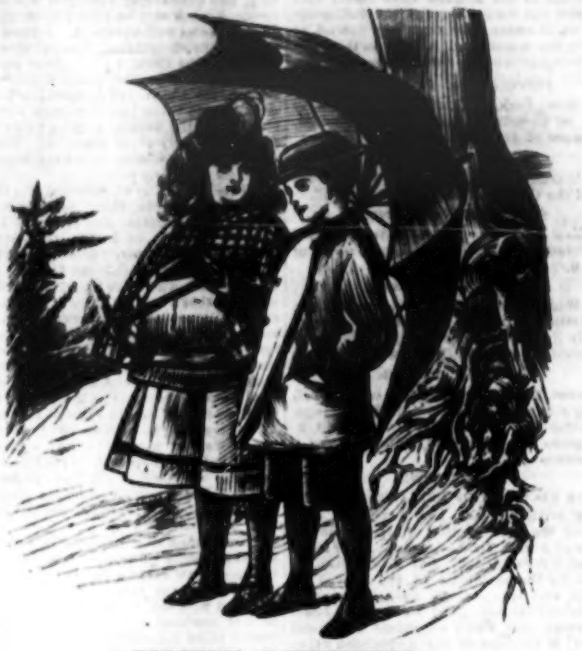
The French law of the period, and, it may be added, the commonest principles of justice also, required the Procurator to perform certain plain duties as soon as the accusation against Marie had reached his ears.

He was, in the first place, bound to proceed immediately, accompanied by his official colleagues, to the spot where the alleged crime of poisoning was supposed to have taken place. Arrived there, it was his business to ascertain for himself the condition of the persons attacked with illness; to hear their statements; to examine the rooms, the kitchen utensils, and the family medicine-chest, if there happened to be one in the house; to receive any statement the accused person might wish to make; to take down her answers to his questions; and, lastly, to keep anything found on the servant (the bread-crumbs, for instance, of which Surgeon Hebert had coolly taken possession), or anything found about the house, which it might be necessary to produce in evidence, in a position of absolute security, under the hand and seal of justice.

These were the plain duties which Monsieur Revel, the Procurator, was officially bound to fulfill. In the case of Marie, he not only neglected to perform any one of them, but actually sanctioned a scheme for entrapping her into prison by sending a commissary of police to the house, in plain clothes, with an order to place her in solitary confinement. To what motive could this scandalous violation of his duties and of justice be attributed? The last we saw of Monsieur Revel he was so benevolently disposed toward Marie that he condescended to advise her about her prospects in life, and even went the length of recommending her to seek for a situation in the very town in which he lived himself. And now we find him so suddenly and bitterly hostile toward the former object of his patronage that he actually lends the assistance of his high official position to sanction an accusation against her, into the truth or falsehood of which he had not made a single inquiry. Can it be that Monsieur Revel's interest in Marie was, after all, not of the purest kind, and that the unfortunate girl proved too stubbornly virtuous to be taught what the real end was toward which the attentions of her ever-benevolent adviser privately pointed? There is no evidence attaching to the case (as how should there be?) to prove this. But is there any other explanation of Monsieur Revel's conduct which at all tends to account for the extraordinary inconsistency of it?

Having received his secret instructions, the commissary of police—a man named Bertot—proceeded to the house of Monsieur and Madame Duparc, disguised in plain clothes. His first proceeding was to order Marie to produce the various plates, dishes, and kitchen utensils which had been used at the dinner of Tuesday, the seventh of August (that being the day on which the poisoning of the company was alleged to have taken place). Marie produced a saucepan, an earthen vessel, a stewpan, and several plates piled on each other, in one of which there were the remains of some soup. These articles Bertot locked up in the kitchen cupboard, and took away the key with him. He ought to have taken the additional precaution of placing a seal on the cupboard, so as to prevent any tampering with the lock, or any treachery with a duplicate key. But this he neglected to do.

His next proceeding was to tell Marie that the Procurator Revel wished to speak to her, and to propose that she should accompany him to the presence of that gentleman forthwith. Not having the slightest suspicion of any treachery, she willingly consented, and left the house with the commissary. A friend of the Duparc's named Vassol, accompanied them.



THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

GEORGE. "O, I do love Hampstead Heath so! I prefer it to Switzerland, really!"
MABEL. "Why, George, you've never been to Switzerland!"
GEORGE. "No; but I have seen it on the map, and I don't like the look of it at all."

Once out of the house, Bertot led his unsuspecting prisoner straight to the jail. As soon as she was inside the gates he informed her that she was arrested, and proceeded to search her person in the presence of Vassol, of the jailer of the prison, and of a woman named Dujardin. The first thing found on her was a little linen bag, sewn to her petticoat, and containing a species of religious charm, in the shape of a morsel of the sacramental wafer. Her pockets came next under review (the pockets which Surgeon Hebert had previously searched). A little dust was discovered at the bottom of them, which was shaken out on paper, wrapped up along with the linen bag, sealed in one packet, and taken to the Procurator's office. Finally, the woman Dujardin found in Marie's bosom a little key, which she readily admitted to be the key of her own cupboard.

The search over, one last act of cruelty and injustice was all that remained to be committed for that day. The unfortunate girl was placed at once in solitary confinement.

CHAPTER III.

THE EVIDENCE.

Thus far the case is one of suspicion only. Waiting until the end of the trial before we decide on whom that suspicion ought to rest, let us now hear the evidence by which the Duparcs and their adherents proceeded to justify their conspiracy against the liberty and the life of a friendless girl.

Having secured Marie in solitary confinement, and having thus left the house and all that it contained for a whole night at the free disposal of the Duparcs, the Procurator Revel bethought himself, the morning after the arrest of his prisoner, of the necessity of proceeding with something like official regularity. He accordingly issued his requisition to the Lieutenant-Criminel to accompany him to the house of Monsieur Duparc, attended by the medical officers and the clerk, to inquire into the circumstances under which the suspected death by poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu had taken place. Marie had been imprisoned on the evening of the seventh of August, and this requisition is dated on the morning of the eighth. The document betrays one remarkable informality. It mentions the death of Monsieur de Beaulieu; but is absolutely silent on the subject of the alleged poisoning of seven persons at dinner the next day. And yet it was this latter circumstance only which first directed suspicion against Marie, and which induced Friley to lodge the information against her on which the Procurator was now acting. Probably Monsieur Revel's legal acumen convinced him, at the outset, that the story of the poisoned dinner was too weak to be relied on.

The officers of the law, accompanied by the doctors, proceeded to the house of the Duparcs on the eighth of August. After viewing the body of Monsieur de Beaulieu, the medical men were directed to open and examine it. They reported the discovery in the stomach of a reddish, brick-colored liquid, somewhat resembling the lees of wine. The mucous membrane was detached in some places, and its internal surface was corroded. On examining the reddish liquid, they found it to contain a crystallized sediment, which, on analyzation, proved to be arsenic. Upon this, the doctors delivered it as their opinion that Monsieur de Beaulieu had been poisoned, and that poison had been the cause of his death.

The event having taken this serious turn, the first duty of the Lieutenant-Criminel (according to the French law) was to send for the servant on whom suspicion rested, to question her, and to confront her with the Duparcs. He did nothing of the kind; he made no inquiry after the servant (being probably unwilling to expose his colleague, the Procurator, who had illegally arrested and illegally imprisoned her); he never examined the kitchen utensils which the Commissary had locked up; he never opened the servant's cupboard with the key that had been taken from her when she was searched in prison. All he did was to reduce the report of the doctors to writing, and to return to his office with his posse-comitatus at his heels.

It was necessary to summon the witnesses and examine them. But the Procurator Revel now conveniently remembered the story of the poisoned dinner, and he sent the Lieutenant-Criminel to examine the Duparcs and their friends at the private residence of the family, in consideration of the sickly condition of the eaters of the adulterated meal. It may be as well to observe, here as elsewhere, that these highly-indulged personages had none of them been sufficiently inconvenienced even to go to bed, or in any way to alter their ordinary habits.

On the afternoon of the eighth, the Lieutenant-Criminel betook himself to the house of Monsieur Duparc, to collect evidence touching the death, by poison, of Monsieur de Beaulieu. The first witness called was Monsieur Duparc.

This gentleman, it will be remembered, was away from home on Monday, the sixth, when Monsieur de Beaulieu died, and only returned, at the summons of his eldest son, at half-past eleven on the forenoon of the seventh. He had nothing to depose connected with the death of his father-in-law, or with the events which might have taken place in the house on the night of the sixth and the morning of the seventh. On the other hand, he had a great deal to say about the state of his own stomach after the dinner of the seventh—a species of information not calculated to throw much light on the subject of inquiry, which was the poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu.

The old lady, Madame de Beaulieu, was next examined. She could give no evidence of the slightest importance touching the matter in hand but, like Monsieur Duparc, she had something to say on the topic of the poisoned dinner.

Madame Duparc followed on the list of witnesses. The report of her examination—so thoroughly had she recovered from the effects of the dinner of the seventh—ran to a prodigious length. Five-sixths of it were occupied with her own sensations and suspicions, and the sensations and suspicions of her relatives and friends, after they had risen from the table. As to the point at issue, the point which affected the liberty, and perhaps the life, of her unfortunate servant, she had so little to say that her testimony may be repeated here in her own words:

"The witness (Madame Duparc) deposed, that after Marie had helped Monsieur de Beaulieu to get up, she (Marie) hastened out for the milk, and, on her return with it, prepared the hasty-pudding, took it herself off the fire, and herself poured it out into the plate—then left the kitchen to accompany Madame de Beaulieu to mass. Four or five minutes after Monsieur de Beaulieu had eaten the hasty-pudding he was seized with violent illness."

Short as it is, this statement contains several distinct suppressions of the truth.

First, Madame Duparc is wrong in stating that Marie fetched the milk, for it was the milk woman who brought it to the house. Secondly, Madame Duparc conceals the fact that she handed the flour to the servant to make the hasty-pudding. Thirdly, Madame Duparc does not mention that she held the plate for the pudding to be poured into, and took it to her father. Fourthly, and most important of all, Madame Duparc altogether omits to state that she sprinkled salt, with her own hands, over the hasty-pudding—although she had expressly informed her servant, a day or two before, that salt was never to be mixed with it. At a subsequent stage of the proceedings she was charged with having salted the hasty-pudding herself, and she could not, and did not, deny it.

The examination of Madame Duparc ended the business on the day of the eighth. The next morning, the Lieutenant-Criminel, as politely attentive as before, returned to resume his inquiry at the private residence of Monsieur Duparc.

The first witness examined on the second day was Mademoiselle Duparc. She carefully followed her mother's lead—saying as little as possible about the preparation of the hasty-pudding on the morning of Monday, and as much as possible about the pain suffered by everybody after the dinner of Tuesday. Madame Beauguillot, the next witness, added her testimony, as to the state of her own digestive organs, after partaking of the same meal—speaking at such prodigious length that the poison would appear, in her case, to have produced its principal effect (and that of a stimulating kind) on her tongue. Her son, Monsieur de Beauguillot, was next examined, quite uselessly, in relation to the death by poison which was the object of inquiry. The last witness was Madame Duparc's younger son—the same who had complained of feeling a gritty substance between his teeth at dinner. In one important respect, his evidence flatly contradicted his mother's. Madame Duparc had adroitly connected Monsieur de Beaulieu's illness with the hasty-pudding, by describing the old man as having been taken ill four or five minutes after eating it. Young Duparc, on the contrary, declared that his grandfather first felt ill at nine o'clock—exactly two hours after he had partaken of his morning meal.

With the evidence of this last witness, the examinations at the private residence of Monsieur Duparc ended. Thus far, out of the seven persons, all related to each other, who had been called as witnesses, three (Monsieur Duparc himself, Madame Beauguillot, and her son) had not been in the house on the day when Monsieur de Beaulieu died. Of the other four, who had been present (Madame de Beaulieu, Madame Duparc, her son and her daughter), not one deposed to a single fact tending to fix on Marie any reasonable suspicion of having administered posion to Monsieur de Beaulieu.

The remaining witnesses, called before the Lieutenant-Criminel, were twenty-nine in number. Not one of them had been in the house on the Monday which was the day of the old man's death. Twenty-six of them had nothing to offer but hearsay evidence on the subject of the events which had taken place at, and after, the dinner on Tuesday. The testimony of the remaining three, namely, of Friley, who had lodged the information against Marie; of Surgeon Hebert, who had searched her pockets in the house; and of Commissary Bertot, who had searched her for the second time, after taking her to prison,—was the testimony on which the girl's enemies mainly relied for substantiating their charges by positively associating her with the possession of arsenic.

Let us see what amount of credit can be attached to the evidence of these three witnesses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ "Fred," said a father to his son, "I hear that you and your wife quarrel and wrangle every day. Let me warn you against such a fatal practice." "Whoever told you that, father, was totally mistaken; my wife and I haven't spoken to one another *for a month*."

Answers to Correspondents.

MRS. M. I. S. (Ridgeway, S. C.) writes: "Can you tell me how to dye a Merino dress? I would like to have it brown, purple or black, or the color you think would suit best. The dress was a pale blue, and the sun has taken the color out in places. It is a fine piece of goods and I would not like to have it spoiled in dying. Tell me how to pickle cucumbers without vinegar. How to put up fruit for winter use. I always dry plenty, but do not like it dried." We could not give you, in the short space at our command, sufficiently precise directions to prevent your running the risk of spoiling it. Send it to a professional dyer. Keep your cucumbers in salt and water till ready for use. To prepare them for table, we know no good substitute for cider-vinegar. Try canning your fruit.

W. J. (Lewisburg, Pa.) asks: "What kind of a weapon is the boomerang, and is it true that they can be thrown so as to hit a man behind a tree, and that they always come back to the thrower? I am attending school and am very poor in writing compositions. How can I improve myself in this, and what kind of subjects would you recommend me to write upon? Do you think that reading your paper has any tendency to weaken the memory, and to destroy a taste for more solid reading?" The boomerang is a piece of hard wood, about two feet long and bent in the centre. One side is flat and the other rounded. When used it is thrown as if to strike an object some thirty yards in advance. Instead of going directly forward, it slowly ascends into the air, in a curved line, whirling round and round. After attaining a considerable height it begins to retrograde, sweeping over the head of the thrower, and strikes the ground behind him. The Australians are very dexterous in striking game with this strange weapon. In writing compositions the practice is the important matter, almost any subject will answer. As for your third question we consider that a very imperfect culture which is entirely devoted to the practical. No engine will run without oil, and that mind which is utterly unsoftened by poetry or romance must grate horribly over the rough pavement of facts. Read light literature with judgment and discretion, and you will find your taste and memory improved instead of injured.

LULU, (Greenville, N. C.) writes: "A short time since a gentleman asked me to correspond with him, and I consented. When his first letter came, it had a good deal of love in it. I meant to write to him as a friend, not anticipating anything of this sort, and do not want to encourage his suit. I do not know whether to leave it unanswered, or to pass over in silence every sentimental allusion. Please let me know what I ought to do. Can you tell me when and how originated the custom of giving engagement rings, and why they are given? Also, can you give me the author of these lines:

'Though lost to sight to memory dear'?

What do you think of my handwriting?" Never run the risk of making bad worse for fear of speaking a few plain words. Tell him that his love passages are objectionable. If he continues them, drop the correspondence. The betrothal ring is of very ancient use, as also the wedding ring. The ring symbolizes eternity and constancy, whence its use for these purposes. Author of lines quoted not remembered at present. We think your writing needs improvement.

MAGGIE, (Pineville, N. C.) writes: "Supposing a lady and gentleman have been corresponding with each other, with the understanding that if either wished to discontinue, he or she would first notify the other. If the lady, tiring of the correspondence, writes in accordance with her agreement, saying that for good reasons she does not wish to continue to write to him, should she expect a reply, and would he have a right to feel offended at her course? Is it proper for a young lady to take a moonlight walk or ride with a gentleman? If a young man pays a good deal of attention to one young lady, and she finds that he pays precisely the same amount of attention to another, her friend, what ought they to think of it? The young man alluded to is devoted enough to both to cause people to talk about it. How ought he to be treated by the young ladies? When a young lady is riding with a young gentleman is it the lady's place to propose to return home? What do you think of my writing, and can you tell anything of a person's character from the handwriting?" In the circumstances given the gentleman may acknowledge the receipt of your letter, but has no right to feel offended, if you have written in a kindly spirit. There is no impropriety in a moonlight ride, under ordinary circumstances, though few judicious parents would encourage them. In the case of the equally divided young gentleman, the ladies, if they find his attentions to the pair of them growing too warm, should grow cold in proportion. This might cause him to realize their view of the matter. In riding, if the lady wishes to return, it is proper for her to propose it. Your handwriting is fair, but contains no revelation of your character.

D. M. R. (Philadelphia) writes: "1st. Is it proper for me to be offended in case I am invited to escort a young lady to a party, and at the appointed time find out that some other person was also invited and accepted? 2d. Is it proper to return letters when an engagement is broken, or after the gentleman has returned the lady's letters, is it proper or ladylike for the lady to destroy his letters, instead of returning them?" 1st. You can properly feel offended. 2d. It is proper to return the letters, and the lady should do the same, unless she has put it out of her power by previously destroying them.

A SUBSCRIBER (Havilandsville, Ky.) writes: "Would it be proper for a young fellow just starting out, or any other person, who had been in a lady's company only once or twice, to accompany her home from church every Sunday he happened to be at the same place? And would it be prudent to open a correspondence between them? 2d. Is it unreasonable for him to request her photograph before he has given his? 3d. Is it appropriate for a young lady to ask a gentleman home with her? 4th. If so, ought he to go?" If the lady is satisfied we shall certainly not question the propriety of the Sunday night or of the correspondence arrangement. 2d. He is decidedly unreasonable to decline giving his in return if she wishes it. 3d. We think not. But if asked it is not very polite for the gentleman to refuse.

A. W. (Appleton, Wis.) says: "Will you please inform me whether you have Julia B. Smith's writings, and if so is Chris and Otho the conclusion of the Widow Goldsmith's Daughter? And what is the price?" "Chris and Otho" is the sequel to the "Widow Goldsmith,"—and the price is $1.75. We will send the book upon receipt of that amount.

HOUSEKEEPER asks: "Will you be kind enough to inform me of the whereabouts of the unfortunate Princess of Mexico, Carlotta, and by whom is that people now ruled? Also tell me who the Princess Eugenie is. Do you think there is any reliability to be placed in this Dr. Jones, (I believe from New York,) whom some of our Southern newspapers seem disposed to lionize? And also, do you know of any effective means to rid a house of bed bugs?" We do not know where the Empress Carlotta is just at present. Somewhere in Italy or Southern Austria. Mexico is now governed partly by a President, Benito Juarez, and partly by insurrectionists. The Empress Eugenie is the wife of Napoleon III. We know nothing of the reliability of Dr. Jones. Plenty of soap and water, and eternal vigilance are the price of liberty—from bed bugs.

ADAM, (Newport, Pa.,) writes: "I have been sick for almost four years with the bronchitis and dyspepsia but am almost cured of the bronchitis, and would like to learn a trade that would agree with me. What would you recommend? Do you think engineering would agree? 2d. If a person could get on a locomotive as fireman, how long would it take to learn engineering; would a person have to work in a machine shop any time, and when would be the best time to start, in the Spring or Fall? 3d. Where can I get an illustration or photograph of Fowler's hand propeller? 4. What is good to kill docks, such as the farmers of Pennsylvania are troubled with? 5th. What is the reason a velocipede will not run up hill? 6th. Will a pistol ball fly farther on the top of a mountain than it will on a plain? 7th. How old should a person be before going to see the girls?" He should be old enough to understand engineering—the girls. The original Adam, after (long after) whom you are named, commenced very early in life going to see the girls. Now-a-days it is best to wait till you have a strong desire that way. To cure your dyspepsia learn an outdoor, active trade, and be careful what you eat and what you drink. A fireman might become an engineer if sufficiently observing and intelligent, after a few years. 3d. Write to Fowler, if you know his address. 4th. The surest remedy is to pull the docks up by the roots. 5th. It is difficult to lift a heavy weight up hill, even on a velocipede. Down hill the weight helps the motion. 6th. Yes, and when it has fallen to the level of the mountain top, it has still open air below it, through which to progress.

LIMBO (Penna.) writes: "I would like to trouble you with a few questions. I wish to know the names of the different anniversaries of a person's wedding-day that are celebrated, and the years as they come. I know four of them, the 5th, 10th, 25th and 75th; China, Silver, Gold, and Diamond. And would you think the life of [illegible] a fit work for a beginner in the agency business?" The wedding anniversaries are multiplying so rapidly that it is not easy to keep up with them. The 5th anniversary is the wooden, the 10th, the tin, and the 15th, the crystal. There is also a paper anniversary at the second or third return of the wedding day. The whole matter, in fact, is being run into the ground, but we have a hopeful indication in the fact that the giving presents on such occasions is becoming unfashionable. In commencing the agency business a talent for getting round people is of more importance than the name of the book chosen. A good address and a persuasive tongue form the main stock in trade of a book agent.

W., (Palmyra) writes: "Please accept thanks for your answer to my inquiry on April 20th. I think it very good, but would like to ask whether it would be proper to state to the lady that I would like her father to furnish the house, &c. She would like to live in style, so would I, but I could not do it at present, or for a long time. A young friend of mine said, 'Get married, and the old gentleman would set you [illegible].'" Get married with the full intention [illegible] let yourself or your wife suffer, is the best [illegible] we can give you. Don't marry in the hope that somebody else is to take the burden of your life on his shoulders. They are helped best who help themselves. You can state what you please to the lady. She can do no worse than give you the mitten. If you really wish our advice, it is to ask no such questions. Marry with the intention of furnishing your own house. [illegible]

M. E. W. [illegible]

AUTEUR. We are not able to offer you a [illegible]

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER. We think it best not to republish the poem named at present, whatever we may do hereafter.

[Several letters held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sir Rupert loved the Lady Mary,
She was a maiden *fair* to see;
With beauteous form and footstep airy,
And she loved him most faithfully.
He was a warrior bold in battle,
None could excel him for miles around,
And in the conflict's fiercest rattle,
He with my *first* was always found.

The Lady Mary waited for her lover,
One evening when the moon shone bright,
And as she looked forth to discover
If his loved form were yet in sight,
She heard a lute's low serenade—
The music of my *second* reached her ear;
A voice sang soft, "Farewell, dear maid!
Ere dawn I must be far from here!"

It was Sir Rupert who that night had learned
That he must go do battle for his king,
Against the haughty Turk, he quickly turned
And on his waiting horse did lightly spring.
The Lady Mary waited many a day;
Alas! Sir Rupert ne'er came back again!
For he was taken captive in the fray,
And with my *whole* was basely slain.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

A tree.
An animal.
Scotch for "know."

II.

To discover.
Writing instrument.
Extremity.

S. E. SMITH.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 1, 13, 4, is a kind of metal, comparatively scarce, it is found chiefly in England and the Island of Banca.
My 16, 16, 10, is a kind of serpentine fish.
My 15, 7, 13, 6, 5, 8, is a musical instrument.
My 12, 9, 10, 3, 13, 15, 2, is a capital of one of the Southern States.
My 14, 16, 11, 5, 1, 3, signifies a contest, a quarrel.
My whole is one of the greatest curiosities of Virginia.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

This problem was first published about a year ago, but as we have never received any answer to it from our "solvers," the author requests us to republish it.

A fisherman began a cast net with thirty-six meshes. He enlarged it by adding twelve meshes more to the third row; the same to the sixth, ninth, and so on to each and every successive third row, termed "widen-rows."

The last row, *being a widen-row*, contained three hundred and sixty meshes. Required the entire number comprised within the net?

☞ An answer is requested.

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Allowing the diameter of the earth to be eight thousand miles, what is the rotundity of the surface per mile?

☞ An answer is requested.

E. C. HANES,
Harrisonville, Gloucester, Co., N. J.

CONUNDRUMS.

F. E. F., Seaboard, N. C., sends us the following batch of conundrums—

Why is the letter G like the last day of May? Because it is the end of Spring.

What is the difference between a watch and a feather bed? The ticking of one is in the inside, the other on the outside.

Click asks why the nap you take last before rising from your bed is like the morning paper you read at breakfast? Because it is your latest snooze.

Why is the letter D like the rising of the sun? Because it is the beginning of day.

Why are shoes without any bottoms like dead persons? Because they are without soles (souls.)

What musical instrument is like a falsehood teller? A lyre (liar.)

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ANAGRAMS—1. Carpenter. 2. Sherman. 3. Cameron. 4. Harmer. 5. Hamilton. 6. Thurman. 7. Sawyer. 8. Logan.

ENIGMA—Juggernaut, (Jug-or-not).

RECEIPTS.

FRIDAY SOUP.—For summer this is a fast-day soup. Pare and slice six cucumbers, and cut up the white part or heart of six lettuce; slice two onions, and cut small the leaves of six sprigs of fresh green mint, unless mint is disliked by the persons that are to eat the soup, in which case substitute parsley. Add a quart of young green peas. Put the whole into a soup-pot, with as much water as will more than cover them well. Season slightly with salt and a little cayenne pepper, and add half a pound of nice fresh butter, divided into six, each piece dredged well with flour. Boil the whole for an hour and a half. Then serve it up without straining; having colored it green with a teacupful of pounded spinach juice. When green peas are out of season, you may substitute tomatoes peeled and quartered.

NOURISHING SOUP FOR INVALIDS.—Boil two pounds of lean veal and a quarter of a pound of pearl barley in a quart of water very slowly until it becomes the consistency of cream. Pass it through a fine sieve, and salt it to taste. Flavor it with celery seed, if the taste be liked, or use fresh celery, if in season. A very small quantity of seed would suffice. It should simmer very slowly, as otherwise the barley does not properly amalgamate with the soup. It is called barley cream, and will not keep more than twenty-four hours. Beef may be used instead of veal.

STRAWBERRIES FROM SEED.—We would advise our readers to sow a few strawberry seeds before the season for this fruit is over. It is among the possibilities to raise a better variety than any now in cultivation, and the merest tyro in the art stands as good a chance of producing as the most scientific horticulturists. Select the very best and largest of any variety that you have, crush the berries in dry sand, and so thoroughly mix the mass that the seeds will be separated from the pulp. When this is done, sow the sand and seeds in a half-shady situation, covering the seeds about a quarter of an inch deep with fine light soil. Keep the surface of the bed moist by frequent applications of water, and a portion of the seeds will germinate this fall and the remainder next spring. At the approach of cold weather cover the bed and plants with hay or straw, and take it off again in spring. When the plants have made leaves of the size of a half dollar they may be transplanted into rows, where they are to remain and fruit.

Plants that start this fall will, in some instances, show fruit another season, but nothing positive can be determined about their value until at least two years old. No runners should be allowed to grow on the plants until they have fruited.